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CONGRESS was still in session as this issue of *The Nation* went to press, adjournment having been delayed because of a last-minute attempt in the Senate to upset further the proposed economies in payments to war veterans. President Roosevelt's original program, it will be remembered, called for a restriction of some of the more flagrant abuses in connection with payments to veterans, and contemplated a saving of \$465,000,000 a year. The plan met with general approval in the country except in the small but politically powerful groups with a selfish interest in feeding at the public trough. These interests were sufficiently strong to start a revolt in Congress and produce the Connally amendment, which would have restricted any cut in compensation to 25 per cent and reduced the total saving by \$170,000,000. Mr. Roosevelt compromised to the extent of accepting a plan which sacrificed \$100,000,000 of the proposed economies, but at the last minute a group in the Senate tried to gain further concessions. This, with commendable courage, the President refused to consider, threatening to veto such legislation and appeal to the country over the radio. The outlook was that

he would have his way. The action in the Senate delayed the passage of other important legislation, but did not promise to prevent or alter its final enactment.

THE APPOINTMENT by President Roosevelt of ex-Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was a notably excellent selection which should not be overlooked in the hurly-burly of the last days of the extra session of Congress. Mr. Blaine is an outstanding member of the Progressive Republicans, who has a distinguished record both as Governor of and as Senator from his State. It had been expected that he would be re-elected as Senator last autumn, but he lost the party nomination by a fluke, and thus the way was laid for a Democrat to win at the polls. Although Mr. Blaine will be missed by the Progressives of the Senate, he should be exceedingly useful in the place where Mr. Roosevelt has put him. Another good selection is that of Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission to be federal Coordinator of Transportation under the new railway act. Mr. Eastman has been dubbed the "great dissenter" of the railway board, but his reputation is better established as one of its most progressive, intelligent, and constructive members. It would have been difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to pick a man better fitted by experience and vision for the difficult job of trying to pull the railroads out of their present morass. No less excellent is the appointment of John H. Fahey to the federal Home Loan Bank Board. Mr. Fahey, publisher of the *Worcester Post* and a former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is an able, enlightened, and public-spirited business man.

NAZIS PRESUMABLY do not read—they prefer to burn—books. So the Hitler government, which doubtless already has accepted the appointment of William E. Dodd, professor of history at the University of Chicago, as United States Ambassador, has a surprise in store for itself. Some of Professor Dodd's qualifications are a background of study in Germany, a Ph.D. from the University of Leipzig, and fluency in the German tongue sufficient to have permitted his writing his doctoral thesis—on Jefferson—in German. As an American historian specializing in the history of our South, Dr. Dodd might be expected to have a record bare of comments pertinent to the present Teutonic atavism. But his "Wilson and His Work," published in 1920 and revised last year, makes plain where he stood and may be expected to stand. "The Prussian ideal had been government by force and war since the time of Frederick the Great," wrote Dr. Dodd, referring to the purposes of imperial Germany in 1914. Its "long and terrific assault upon the rest of mankind" threatened to set up "the worst tyranny . . . since the days of Napoleon I." Yet Professor Dodd recognized the ruthless severity of the peace terms, and in 1920 wrote that "the treaty and the League were . . . put out . . . in so far as the German people were concerned, in the spirit of an age that men hoped had passed." And although indorsing unreservedly the Wilsonian doctrine that the entry of the

United States into the war was a crusade against militarism and tyranny in behalf of democracy, Dr. Dodd could also write of our conduct of affairs at home: "It is certain that the Constitution was violated in many of the various laws on the subject of free speech; and the spirit of the older American ideals was ignored from start to finish." As a disciple and biographer of Thomas Jefferson—preeminently the apostle of freedom of thought and conscience—Dr. Dodd appears to us an admirable Ambassador of the United States to Nazi Germany.

THE HITLER GOVERNMENT'S DEMAND for a transfer moratorium will not have easy sailing. Reports from London indicate strong opposition on the part of Great Britain and the United States and a general distrust of the reliability of the figures presented by Dr. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank. If Dr. Schacht intended to use the moratorium as a trading point at the London conference, he may find that he has been sadly mistaken—his announcement of virtual bankruptcy may have exactly the opposite effect. According to reliable information Dr. Schacht privately expects to carry on either through a new inflation or, if circumstances make it seem more advisable, through outright repudiation. It is clear that the principal of the debt owed by Germany in the United States and elsewhere will probably never be paid. The situation has been aggravated by the fact that less than one-half of the foreign exchange which German exporters are to turn in has been forthcoming. The law of self-preservation is stronger than the most drastic decrees. Meanwhile, the transfer moratorium has stirred New York banks into action. Several of them are taking steps to cancel their outstanding lines of credit in Germany to save themselves further losses. The Reichsbank announces that it will pay interest for foreign loans in foreign countries in "blocked marks"—marks which cannot be exported from Germany. That they cannot be used to acquire property but only in commodity or tourist trade has increased the irritation felt in this country against these high-handed proceedings, since \$1,750,000,000 of these debts are held by Americans.

THE SPANISH CABINET CRISIS must be interpreted as one more move in the ancient struggle to establish a lay state in the face of church opposition. Whatever interest Spain has in modern political doctrine, whatever pressure was exerted by extremist movements on the right or the left, vanished for the moment before the blast of a Papal encyclical. It was the old threat of excommunication that scared President Zamora into withdrawing his confidence from Premier Azaña and forcing the downfall of his government. Zamora had jumped once before under the church lash. When he and his Cabinet took control of the country in April, 1931, and proclaimed the republic, they took a solemn oath that even though their differences of opinion reached the point of personal combat they would not resign until their work was done and the constitution finished. That fall the articles separating church from state, making education a lay matter, dissolving the Jesuits—those same articles that are concerned in the Law of Religious Congregations which drew forth the Pope's blast—were brought before the Cortes. Zamora could not stand the pressure of the priests and resigned, though in his going he broke his oath and imperiled the very existence of the young republic.

When Zamora was made President it was hoped that that honorary, if relatively powerless, position would align him and his followers with the democratic program of the republicans. This is the first time he has been tested since, and again he has moved in accord with his intense Catholicism. The power of the church, however, failed him when it came to resolving the crisis. His Roman Catholic friends would not cooperate with the Socialists whom he asked to form a Cabinet, and the unhappy man was forced to call back Azaña, who in conservative Catholic circles is considered as the Anti-Christ himself.

AMERICANS WHO THINK they see in the attitude of the republic a persecution analogous to that waged by Hitler against German Jews would do well to reexamine the facts. Jews constitute 1 per cent of the German population. Roman Catholics constitute practically the only religious body in Spain. This is a repetition of what happened in France in the nineteenth century, except that France had a nucleus of Protestantism which has never existed in Spain. This is Italy shutting the Pope up in the Vatican and refusing to let him meddle in state affairs. This is Mexico, much milder, because it lacks the solid Mexican stratum of Indians who worshiped idols long before they prayed to saints. It is, in other words, Spanish Catholics trying to construct a lay state in Catholic Spain. It is warfare between Catholics whose minds are still cast in the medieval mold and Catholics who have watched the ways of the church in more modern countries and found them preferable. The commonest phrase one hears in Spanish discussion of the church-state struggle is: "I am myself a Catholic, but—" What the conservatives want is what they had before the fall of the monarchy. What the moderns want is religious freedom and separation of church and state such as exists in the United States. They want to cut away the props and the dead wood, and they believe that both state and church would flourish separately, whereas together they are strangling each other. It becomes increasingly evident that these conflicting desires are more important to most Spaniards than are the differences in political theory which have been emphasized in other countries.

IVAR KREUGER knew that "front" was the most potent magnet in the financial process. Mainly by the use of that magnet did his International Match Corporation sell to the public in this country non-voting stock and debentures aggregating more than \$150,000,000. F. W. Allen, Donald Durant, Henry O. Havemeyer, Francis L. Higginson, A. H. Larkin, John McHugh, S. F. Pryor, and Percy A. Rockefeller were invited to join the board of directors, and they were advertised in circulars as the controlling figures, whose domination of the board constituted a guaranty of safety and prudent management. We know what happened. The corporation was looted of virtually every dollar. The action brought by the Irving Trust Company as trustee in bankruptcy of the International Match Corporation against the American directors of the company alleged no affirmative misconduct on their part. It merely summarized what is now common knowledge—that they were nominally a majority of the board and that they were dumb, blind, and inert while Kreuger pumped the corporate treasury dry and used its tremendous resources as an instrument of personal profit. The noteworthy decision of Judge Black in this case, holding

that charges of neglect, acquiescence, and abdication of responsibility would, if proved, render these directors accountable for the losses suffered by the corporation through the outright thievery of Ivar Kreuger, means that no person can permit the use of his name without incurring the responsibility that flows from that use. Directors as fiduciaries cannot escape their duty to stockholders. They must not only not do wrong; they must be alert to prevent wrong by others. This decision is not new law; but it is an important restatement of a legal rule often ignored by lawyers as well as laymen. It should help to put a period to the indefensible practice of American financiers of crowding their boards of directors with stuffed shirts.

BUSINESS IS STILL BUSINESS in the grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Elsewhere it may be chastened, even groggy, in consequence of recent punishment, but in the Keystone State it still presses on valiantly in the ancient spirit of "the public be damned." At least so we gather from a bulletin in which the recent session of the legislature is reviewed by the State Chamber of Commerce, leading to a comment by the latter that it "feels particularly gleeful" in having "emerged with a 100 per cent record of success." One member of the legislature is singled out for especial thanks in enabling the Chamber of Commerce to shape the destinies of the State.

Had it not been for the air-tight committees appointed by Speaker Talbot in the beginning of the session, much detrimental, not to say dangerous, legislation would have emerged and been subjected to a vote.

The difficulties of the situation, although considerable, were met with appropriate strategy:

Owing to the number of Democrats and accidental candidates elected to the legislature this year, we were confronted with a great mass of bills which, if enacted, would have proved very detrimental to the taxpayers, and this, of course, means the business man. Therefore, our biggest job was to keep this class of bills safely tied up in committee.

Among the "crazy and dangerous proposals" which it was possible to block was one naively described as a measure "requiring a method of proper measurements in bituminous coal mining." Other impending disasters from which the State was saved were the ratification of the proposed amendment to the federal Constitution giving Congress the right to regulate child labor, an income tax for State and county purposes, and an effort to reduce the rate of interest on small loans. Blessed be the State of William Penn, where business has not yet heard that it lies a-moldering in the grave.

COLLEGE PRESIDENCIES, unlike greatness (which alas, they seldom in these days connote), are never prenatally foreordained and rarely achieved, but as a rule are thrust upon their incumbents. They have come, in our business-controlled institutions of higher learning, to constitute the residuum of choice after persons of strength and positive achievement have eliminated themselves by the enmities which they have incurred. President Lowell's thesis that great men are not elected to the Presidency of the United States applies, for the same general reasons, to the presidencies of our universities. It is, however, not demanding too much of the educational institutions whose purpose is to "lead out" the next

generation to ask that they cease to hunt for their presidents among business executives. The execution performed in their own chosen fields by these pillars of our acquisitive society is object lesson enough. The choice of a teacher as president may be deemed presumptive evidence of a purpose to maintain the university, in Huxley's memorable phrase, as a fortress in the higher life of the nation. Thus Princeton has done well in selecting as its new head Harold Willis Dodds, professor of politics for six years, with academic training as an economist and political scientist as well as practical experience with public affairs. No preparation, in our present national and world crisis, could be more appropriate than this. But such a background, while promising, is not a guaranty of adequacy, especially if one bears in mind the standards of "soundness" which trustees are apt to seek. Moreover, a university presidency has more than once stultified a man previously a scholar. Professor Dodds is an expert in municipal government, has served as secretary of the National Municipal League, has edited the *National Municipal Review* for over a decade. So far, very good. Would he share the view so pithily expressed by Professor Charles J. Bullock that "behind the boodle alderman one finds the eminent banker and respectable financier"? Dr. Dodds has served as electoral adviser to the government of Nicaragua and supervised its United States-directed election in 1928. Does his contact with that pathetic backwater of misgovernment and absentee ownership convince him of the inherent wisdom of the imperialist doctrine? These questions may be asked while the new president receives the hopeful felicitations of a society that has a right henceforth to look to him for leadership.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS belonged to that rapidly dwindling category of Americans who, like the fictionalized heroes of Otis and Alger, rose "from newsboy to magazine king." His career strikingly parallels that of another son of Maine, Frank A. Munsey, who likewise came from the country to the big city without funds and "made good." Both Curtis and Munsey achieved great wealth through the publication of a new type of magazine—Munsey with the ten-cent fiction monthly, Curtis with the broader appeal of a national weekly selling at five cents and designed to interest every member of the home. Both Munsey and Curtis were failures as newspaper impresarios. But as success has been measured in America in the last generation Curtis was uniquely successful. In 1924 he was one of the four Americans whose income was reputed to be over \$5,000,000. The *Saturday Evening Post* and his other magazines, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*, paid enormous dividends; they were, in fact, less vehicles for literature than for the new advertising which arose like a rocket in the spending orgy following the World War. But any lasting contribution made by Curtis with the great power at his disposal is difficult to discern. He made generous donations to numerous charities, to countless individuals, to music and to educational institutions—particularly in his native State. But he revealed the purpose of those educational endowments when he declared publicly four years ago, after the defeat of the Insull power-export measure which he had indorsed, that he was giving to Maine academies so that the children would learn how to vote right; he would continue to give because the people of Maine had just shown, in defeating power export, that they needed more education!

"The Poor Can Starve"

"GOD bless the rich; the poor can starve." This cynical philosophy seems to be gaining ground as the fourth year of the depression draws toward a close. In spite of rosy accounts in the press of improved economic conditions, the only definite change observable is some increase in prices, which without augmentation of employment only aggravates existing distress. Even though a few more persons may be at work than last winter, the number is not enough to make an appreciable dent in the 15,000,000 of unemployed. Meanwhile hunger and homelessness seem actually to be on the increase, owing to exhausted personal savings, depleted treasuries of relief organizations, and the general failure of governmental agencies to rise to the occasion. Probably there is hardly an American who would allow another man to starve on his doorstep if there was a loaf of bread in the house, but we are reaching a point where we are willing to let thousands die of starvation provided only they crawl off out of our sight to do it. Callouses grow on compassion in time, and the lamentable failure of federal, State, and municipal governments to cope with—or even to apprehend—the situation has naturally led individuals to feel that their own puny efforts must be in vain.

From the beginning of the depression *The Nation* has maintained that relief must be undertaken on a large and comprehensive scale by governmental agencies—especially by the federal government—and that private organizations could not and should not be expected to cope with it. The last part of this contention, at least, is now dramatically acknowledged to be true by the most important private relief organization in the country. The Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of New York City, which since 1930 has acted as a centralized agency for collecting private gifts for the needy, has decided to disband. It says:

For some time the problem has been such that sufficient funds could not be raised from private contributions to meet the full need. Quite properly the public funds of the nation, State, and city are being marshaled for unemployment relief.

The first sentence of this statement is now-obvious truth. The second is demonstrable absurdity. On the very day after the announcement of the organization appeared in the newspapers, there was a "hunger march" on the New York City Hall to protest to the fatuous fat man who occupies the mayor's chair against the inadequacy of public relief. The mayor was visited by a delegation ranging from Communists to a group of social workers marshaled by the Federation of Churches to demand that the city spend \$15,000,000 a month in relief instead of the \$5,000,000 expended for May. It was pointed out that destitute families no longer received money for rent until they were actually evicted and their household effects on the sidewalk. At a recent count the city had 230,000 families on its relief rolls and applications for 38,000 more. Allowing \$25 a month for food and \$20 for rent, in accordance with practice, it would take \$12,000,000 monthly to care for the families actually on the city's rolls or with applications pending. There is no pretense of home relief for single men and women. They must resort to flop houses or street beggary.

That a livelihood through begging is growing more precarious is apparent from various signs, among others a decision by the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company to forbid solicitation of alms in its cars or stations. Whatever may be the practical wisdom of this step, the announcement is couched in surprising language, opening with a quotation from City Magistrate Mark Rudich: "It is a mistaken kindness to give money to street beggars." What would this "just judge," who enjoys an appointment for ten years at an annual salary of \$12,000, have us give the man who is less fortunate than he—a revolver?

Nor is the situation in New York City unique. Private philanthropy is everywhere breaking down and governmental assistance has never been adequately attempted. States and municipalities are too bankrupt now to do much by themselves, and the Roosevelt Congress has ended its work without coming to grips with the problem. Whereas a large bond issue was clearly needed, there is an inadequate sum available for direct aid to States, and the contemplated generous employment of men on public works has so far resulted only in the organization of a militarized body of boy scouts, which has already produced the predictable "war scandal."

In the announcement of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Rapid Transit Company, already referred to, it is said that applicants for alms "are becoming increasingly abusive." Is it any wonder? It has become commonplace philosophy among the destitute of New York that the only way to get attention for one's need from the city is to "start something." For nearly four years victims of a profits civilization have been waiting in vain for its accredited government to justify the right of the system to survive. With nothing adequate yet attempted, is it surprising that these victims are coming to feel that their only hope lies in plaguing or frightening the privileged into action?

Rail Reorganizations

THE Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company, with a bonded indebtedness in excess of \$300,000,000 and a capital stock of over \$125,000,000, is the third major rail system to seek reorganization under the new bankruptcy act. The Missouri Pacific was the first and the St. Louis-San Francisco the second. It is significant that all three railroads were reorganized in the years 1916 and 1917 and that these comparatively recent reorganizations were the first to break under the strain of the depression—not a high tribute to the supposed genius of their bankers as reorganizers.

The Rock Island filed its insolvency petition before Judge Wilkerson, who presided over the St. Paul reorganization in 1925. Max Lowenthal, in his recently published book, "The Investor Pays," subjects the St. Paul reorganization to rigid scrutiny and shows how the bankers and their counsel set the stage to their own choosing and their own profit. Judge Wilkerson, however, had recently stated that he did not believe that anyone connected with an insolvent company should be named as receiver or even suggest to the court the name of a receiver. So it is with concern that one notes that for the time being Judge Wilkerson has not appointed independent trustees for the Rock Island, but has left

the properties in charge of the management. The only excuse that can be given for such action is the lamentable failure of the Interstate Commerce Commission to announce its panel of trustees for the Sixth Circuit.

In commenting upon the Missouri Pacific case in its issue of April 12, *The Nation* protested against the failure of Judge Faris to appoint independent trustees and the remissness of the Interstate Commerce Commission in not demanding their appointment. *The Nation* pointed out, what anyone familiar with the history of the Alleghany-controlled Missouri Pacific during the last five years should know, that any fair reorganization of the road would involve a thorough review of the relations of Missouri Pacific and Alleghany. Much as *The Nation* is opposed to extravagant receivership fees, it is not so naive as to be hoodwinked by the idea that independent trustees may be dispensed with, and that the bankers and their men should review their own acts and reorganize their own wreckage.

Events have strikingly vindicated the correctness of *The Nation's* position. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation as a creditor of Missouri Pacific to an amount in excess of \$23,000,000 has demanded the appointment of independent trustees. It has questioned the prudence of certain deals involving millions between Alleghany and Missouri Pacific in regard to terminal properties at Kansas City and St. Joseph, and suggests that Missouri Pacific, by its Alleghany-dominated board, has contracted to pay an excessive price for these properties.

It is high time that in all these railroad reorganization proceedings the courts should appoint without further delay independent trustees of ability and integrity to review the management of these insolvent properties and to work out proper reorganization plans, such as are clearly contemplated under the new bankruptcy law, without the interference of self-constituted, banker-controlled, protective committees.

Rivera's Ideas on Art

LIKE many another good artist, Diego Rivera is a bad critic. Nothing that he has said since the unfortunate affair of Rockefeller Center strengthens the strong case of the murals themselves, and now he contributes to the June issue of the *Modern Monthly* a trivial little outburst unworthy of the seven reproductions of the Rockefeller and Detroit murals which the article was written to accompany.

One perceives, it is true, that Mr. Rivera has a genuine if elementary point to make. It is, apparently, that the spirit rather than the subject matter of a painting determines whether or not it is to be considered as "revolutionary art," and, accordingly, he speaks with justifiable scorn of certain academic Russian painters who thought that they had become "proletarian artists" when they did pictures of Lenin instead of the Czar, or scenes from the Revolution in place of scenes from the Crimean War. But instead of actually making this point, Mr. Rivera allows himself to be carried away by a naive enthusiasm, and fancies that he has proved, not that art is more than subject matter or statement, but that "the workers and the peasants are always right."

It is a pity that he will probably never read the Leslie Stephen lecture for 1933 which A. E. Housman delivered at

Cambridge and which has just been published here.* Quite possibly Mr. Rivera is more important as a painter than Mr. Housman is as a poet; certainly no two attitudes could be farther apart than the revolutionary enthusiasm of the one and the urbane, rather dilettante aloofness of the other. But the very fact that Mr. Housman is calm enough to think gives value to his thoughts, and if the two could really understand one another, they would probably find that they agreed upon the cardinal point—which is, as Mr. Housman states it, that what he calls poetry and what Mr. Rivera might call the soul of a painting resides "not in the thing said but in a way of saying it." Quite possibly, also, they would find themselves agreeing that the essential thing about this "way of saying" is that it communicates a feeling rather than a meaning; that instead of transmitting a thought, it transfuses an emotion.

Upon one point, to be sure, they would doubtless forever disagree. Mr. Housman would maintain that great art may communicate any one of a number of diverse and even contradictory feelings. Mr. Rivera would probably insist that art cannot be great unless the feeling be somehow connected with that love of humanity in the mass which is the soul of his own particular art. But if they were to agree as far as they could, that agreement might clarify a great deal which the proponents of proletarian art have muddled and which, sometimes at least, they know that they have muddled.

From his own experience Mr. Rivera has learned how difficult it is for even so ardently proletarian an artist as himself to remain orthodox in the eyes of the metaphysicians of his own party. He and they might learn why it must always be so, and why both would be well advised to accept as sufficient an agreement which extends no farther than the core of feeling common to both. If it is the essence of metaphysics to be precise about intellectual meanings, it is the essence of Mr. Rivera's kind of art to be actually concerned with nothing except emotions; and he agrees as precisely as he has any need to agree with each and every one of the five and twenty warring sects concerning the only thing which matters to him as an artist or to them as the recipients of an aesthetic experience—namely, their emotional reaction to the spectacle afforded by the struggling mass of humanity.

The great traditional art of the Christian past has no doctrinal unity. Doubtless some of the Byzantine painters were Homoiousian and some Homoeousian. Doubtless some of those who labored in the Low Countries believed in free will and some did not. Nobody cares and nobody could tell by looking at the pictures which painters would have regarded which others as heretics for whom burning would be too good. But all were united by a common emotion; all felt in a certain way about the emotional meaning to humanity of a certain pitifully grotesque story of a child born in a manger and destined to take upon himself the sins of the world. Art was concerned with the transfusion from artist to spectator of that emotion, and popular art is always concerned with some such thing. Mr. Rivera will be wise if he attempts nothing else; the proletarians of every complexion will be wise if they do not seek to learn those of his intellectual convictions which could serve only to alienate many of them from a man whose work as an artist can give joy and strength to them all.

* "The Name and the Nature of Poetry." By A. E. Housman. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

Black Fog in London

THE World Economic Conference, around which so many high hopes were centered for so many months, has now met in an atmosphere of basic pessimism which the speeches of the delegates cannot conceal. The reasons for this despair are not mysterious. They emerge if we ask ourselves the most primary questions. What are the chief results that a genuinely successful economic conference could achieve? They are three: the settlement of the war-debt problem, the reduction of tariff barriers and other trade restrictions, and a return to definitely stabilized currencies. At present the prospects of achieving any one of these results are far from bright.

Last December it seemed possible that Congress at last had learned its lesson regarding the war debts. By refusing to review the question it had contributed its share to maintaining the reparations, which finally brought on a financial collapse in Germany, a collapse which in turn drove Great Britain off the gold basis. Europe, coming to its senses on the question, agreed at Lausanne to reduce the reparations to a nominal figure if the United States, in turn, would reduce the war debts to a nominal figure. We refused, preferring for the sake of a payment of \$270,000,000 a year to prolong and intensify a depression in which, by the best estimates, we were losing in our national income at the rate of \$40,000,000,000 a year, or nearly one hundred and fifty times as much.

In December part of the dollars for which we had made such appallingly disproportionate sacrifices failed to appear anyway, when France defaulted in its payment; and the British hinted very strongly that the December payment was the last full payment we might expect from them. Under such circumstances, it might be thought that our government would finally see the desirability of compromising with our debtors. But Mr. Roosevelt did not have the courage to propose this to Congress any more than Mr. Hoover had. We have preferred self-righteously to drive our debtors to default, apparently for the mere satisfaction, on the part of some of us, of calling them welchers (there is surely nothing else to be gained); though even this moral satisfaction will probably be a little pale in view of our own action in repudiating the gold clause in the government bonds. The debts will not be considered at the economic conference. But it is worth pointing out that if we had the will to follow an intelligent policy on the debts we could simply negotiate with our debtors individually and would not need a general conference.

The same remark, however, can be made regarding tariffs. Because the need for tariff reduction is general, it is the prevailing belief that the best way to reduce customs duties is through international conference, and this conference, indeed, was called largely in that hope. But the difficulties of finding a possible basis for bargaining and exchange in such matters may prove insuperable. The most frequent proposal is for a general reduction by a flat percentage. This would mean that the worst offenders in the tariff war would be the greatest beneficiaries—if that is the word for it. Any bargaining, article for article and rate for rate, on the other hand, would be endlessly tedious and complicated. But a

much greater obstacle to success is the basic assumption of nearly every delegation at the conference. This assumption is the thoroughly false one that tariff walls are advantageous to the countries that put them up and injurious only to foreigners, and that the lowering of tariffs represents "concessions" or "sacrifices" made by each nation merely for the good of the rest.

Certainly there is no reassurance in the pre-conference statements of any of the assembled delegations. Secretary Hull, the least nationalistic among the leading members of the American delegation, does not even aim at a general tariff reduction of more than 10 per cent. Such a reduction, even if achieved, would be farcically inadequate. The violent fall of commodity prices since the passage of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act in itself caused an average rise in all specific duties, when reduced to ad valorem terms, of more than 40 per cent. A 10 per cent reduction in tariff rates, therefore, would still leave our tariff wall higher than it was even after the indefensible Smoot-Hawley tariff was enacted. Raymond Moley, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune* of June 11 as a quasi-official spokesman for the Administration, does not hold out the hope that even a 10 per cent reduction can be achieved. He repeats his theory that the economic ills of the various nations "are predominantly internal, not external"—in other words, that the depression in every great country today is the result of a miraculous series of coincidental mistakes of internal policy, while the collapse of international trade is unimportant! He bids us, as a consolation for the probability that nothing will be done, think of the "pleasant acquaintance" that the different international delegates will make personally with each other. The truth is, of course, that a drastic reduction of our tariff wall would be an enormous gain to us whether any other nation followed or not; but apparently no delegation takes this view in relation to its own country.

The prospects for currency stabilization are only slightly less dubious. Both the United States and Great Britain appear to be too anxious to jockey for position in relation to each other, instead of in relation to a fixed gold content. The result of the negotiations so far has been for both countries to ignore the relationship of their own currencies and those of other countries to gold. There is no possible way in which a fixed relationship between two drifting paper currencies can be maintained except by the use of enormous "stabilization funds," with each nation becoming a speculator not only in its own currency but in the other's, and with each nation tied to the other's undisclosed and undetermined ultimate monetary policy. There is only one practicable way in which currencies can be stabilized internationally, and that is by a return to the gold basis. If we should reduce the gold content of the dollar by 25 per cent from the present parity, and if the British should devalue the pound by about 40 per cent, both countries announcing that gold payments at the new rates would be resumed at a definite date a year or so in the future, the new pound would have a value of about \$4; and both countries could resume business confidently at a new fixed currency level.



By Eva Herrmann

Secretary of State Hull

Head of the American Delegation to the World Economic Conference

Glorifying the House of Morgan

AMONG the corporations in which the house of Morgan holds directorships, as disclosed by the Senate investigating committee, was one whose presence on the list caused some surprise in the newspaper world. This was the Crowell Publishing Company. We should perhaps explain that this corporation owns and publishes *Collier's Weekly*, with a circulation of 2,500,000, going to the man in the street; the *American Magazine*, going to some 2,500,000 ambitious youths hungering for success; the *Woman's Home Companion*, going into more than 2,000,000 American homes; and the *Country Home*, going into more than 1,000,000 farm homes. Taken together, these magazines reach a very sizable section of the reading public of the United States. And now it appears that Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, is a director of the publishing company.

One is privileged to draw any inferences from this one wishes. Apparently the Crowell Publishing Company does not need Mr. Lamont's financial aid. It is backed by a man far richer than Mr. Lamont. It is entirely possible that Mr. Lamont and the Morgan firm do not control these magazines. But Mr. Lamont is on the directorate, and it is not too much to assume that the managements of these magazines are aware of Mr. Lamont's presence among their rulers. It is quite probable that Mr. Lamont seldom if ever interferes directly in the editorial direction of the journals. But after all, editors and writers and managers have a way of applying the rule of eternal fitness to the things which go into their pages, and even though they may not be consciously aware of it, a little sprite in some corner of their skulls sits in eternal vigilance over the copy. Mr. Lamont perhaps understands this. He has been a notable patron of letters. He has had some ownership in journals before this. He once owned the *New York Evening Post*. He is at present the favored deficit-payer of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The elder Morgan himself was known to smile upon more than one publication in his time. He installed that eminent publicist and president-maker, the late George Harvey, as editor of *Harper's Weekly* and later of the *North American Review*. Other great men of that day were equally generous to American letters. Mr. Archbold paid out generous sums to the merry jester, *Judge*, and even the venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott, when editor of the *Outlook*, got liberal aid from James Stillman, president of the National City Bank.

The tale of banker patronage of magazines and newspapers is a long one and worth the telling. The current Morgan inquest reveals some pleasant friendships on the part of that firm for the press. One of the most interesting is that for Franz Schneider, Jr., financial editor of the *Evening Post* when Mr. Lamont owned it and later financial editor of the *Sun*. The financial editor of a newspaper writes continuous comment on the course of the financial markets, and exercises, we may assume, considerable influence on his journal's policy. Is it not a little odd to find Mr. Lamont passing out three separate participations—in United Corporation, Standard Brands, and Alleghany Corporation—to the man who at the time was financial editor of the *Sun*?

To go back to the Crowell Publishing Company—no

one, we assert, can question the right of Mr. Lamont to be interested in that enterprise, or the right of the publishing company to have the Morgan partner associated with its direction. But neither can the company object to being judged by this circumstance. Nor can it object to the fact being advertised. There is Mr. Lamont on the directorate. There, in fact, are these twenty Morgan partners on innumerable directorates, commercial, financial, charitable, literary, scientific, academic. We are quite safe in assuming that this circumstance produces in these institutions as a whole an immense reserve of benevolence for the Morgans and their ways, which may have had much to do with the growth of the respectability in which that firm has been clothed of late, in spite of the fact that it is no whit different from the enterprise governed by the elder Morgan.

For instance, one has but to turn to recent numbers of *Collier's* to find a six-part serial called "The Life of Henry P. Davison." Its author is the eminent biographer, Thomas W. Lamont. Who is Mr. Davison that he should be thus honored in *Collier's*? He was one of the Morgan partners before his death eleven years ago. He was, as a subject for biography, so diminutive a figure that the serial unconsciously slips into a glorification of the elder Morgan. And we think that any editor not led into rationalizing a policy which his environment and associations had generated would shake his head a little and mumble that this year—the year of the new deal, when a deeply stirred nation looks with righteous indignation at the bankers and promoters who have mulcted it so savagely—was a strange one to select for holding up to the youth of America for admiration the figure of one of the most ruthless, most scornful money-grabbers of all time.

The story of the elder Morgan as told by Mr. Lamont sinks to the level of silliness. Lamont probably believes it, just as an old soldier finally believes the balderdash about his battles with which he entertains his grandchildren. The public—even the least foolish part of it—swallowed Alleghany and United stocks with so much relish that Lamont had some ground for believing they would swallow this dish. Lamont proclaims Morgan a man "of such strong sense of community responsibility" that it fairly staggers his imagination. The simple truth is that scarcely a gold hunter of his day cared so little about the public as the great plunderer himself. He looked upon the common people with scorn and contempt. He began his financial career in America just as the herd was being marched off to fight the Civil War. The man with the overpowering passion for the community, like most of his wealthy friends, stayed miles away from the battlefield. This, of course, was an act of profound prudence, for why should a Morgan fight when there were so many fools for that kind of work? If he had merely kept away from battle, it would have been well enough. But he distinguished himself by two examples of high community spirit. When Fort Sumter was fired on, gold began to leave the country. The nation's reserves became sadly depleted. Its credit was impaired. The price of gold soared. Merchants in foreign trade were in a panic. They hoped Sumter would surrender and the crisis pass and the price of gold come down. Morgan

did not think it would. The man who later said "Don't sell America short" then took a flier on the short side of America. He borrowed \$2,000,000 in gold coin and shipped it to London. This was really a blow behind the lines. Then he went to the "gold room" to watch the effect. There was a scramble for gold to pay commitments abroad, and the patriot Morgan, with \$2,000,000 in eagles in London, sold at his own price. His next contribution to the war was to sell to the army 6,000 condemned rifles, which he bought for \$3.50 each and sold for \$22—all of which had to be junked.

His greatest adventures in "community responsibility" came when he "saved" the nation in three great panics. One of these was the gold depression of the nineties. In 1894 the government put out two bond issues of \$50,000,000 each to get gold. The gold flowed in one door of the Treasury and out the other. The bankers who sold the gold had only to present national gold notes to get back the gold they had sold. In January, 1895, New York City banks had \$62,000,000 in gold. A little later they had \$129,000,000. They had recaptured the gold they had sold to the government and were ready to sell it again. Morgan arranged a bond issue with President Cleveland. Cleveland sold to Morgan's syndicate \$62,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds at 104. The syndicate sold them at more than 118 and closed them out in twenty-two minutes. It made nearly \$10,000,000 on this patriotic rescue. A little later the gold was all drained away again and Mr. Morgan was preparing for another rescue party to the tune of \$200,000,000 when a public outcry against this kind of salvation stopped the raid.

The picture of Morgan as the "savior" of the nation in 1907 is tearfully drawn in Director Lamont's articles in *Collier's*. It is an amazing story which leaves out almost all the important facts. A reader could get from it no other notion than that Morgan was drawn in to save the country from a situation which was its own fault. But in 1907 Morgan was not so much the savior of the nation as the chief architect of its troubles. That panic, Lamont soberly informs us, was the result of the Russo-Japanese War and the San Francisco earthquake. Alexander Dana Noyes, the able financial editor of the *New York Times*, is a better authority. In his "Forty Years of American Finance" he says it was the result of the wild speculation of the day. Morgan had for years been battering down lesser men, bowling over smaller rivals, in his brutal drives for money and power. There were plenty of others like him, but he had shown the way and led the pack. By 1907 the rotten structure was ready to crumble. A trio of men—Morse, Heinze, and Thomas—had promoted industries and banks on the most reckless scale. Heinze controlled United Copper, which the Standard gang wanted. Morse controlled Consolidated Steamship, which Morgan was after. In the fall of 1907 the Standard gang started to hammer United Copper. Morgan began to hammer Consolidated Steamship. Heinze and Morse both went down under these blows. This trio had also a string of banks in New York, one of which was the Knickerbocker Trust Company. Its funds were poured out to help the promoters. With the crash of the trio a run started on the Knickerbocker. Morgan refused to budge to help it. It failed. The failure was the signal for runs everywhere. The runs soon spread to some of the banks in which the bigger interests were concerned; Morgan's interests were seriously imperiled. It was then he came to the rescue—but upon his own terms.

Lamont boasts that Morgan was "prodigal of the firm's resources . . . cared not a whit what losses he and his partners might suffer, if only the situation could be saved." And another Morgan biographer tells how the "bold, brave barons of gold sank mutual differences and laid their riches and power in the hands of one man." Of course this is just so much bunk. They laid in that man's hands not their riches but other people's. Morgan decided that the trust-company situation would require \$25,000,000 and the Moore and Schley situation another \$25,000,000. The first sum was obtained from the presidents of various trust companies, who laid other people's money at Mr. Morgan's feet, and from the Treasury of the United States. The second sum was obtained from the United States Steel Corporation. Moore and Schley, a stock-brokerage house, was ready to go to the wall. It was loaded with Tennessee Coal and Iron stock held for gamblers. Morgan's Steel Corporation wanted the Tennessee Company. This was their chance. But they were afraid of Theodore Roosevelt. Emissaries went to him and told him the Steel Corporation was willing to buy the Tennessee Company, but was afraid of the anti-trust laws. They would buy it, not for themselves, but to save a powerful "concern" in New York. They did not tell Roosevelt that the concern was a brokerage house. He thought it was a trust company. They literally lied to him. He consented. When it was all over and the country was "saved," Morgan had what he wanted.

Lamont's report of Morgan's conversation when two little trust companies were about to fail could be set to music. One of his partners was asked by the senior John Pierpont what the character of the depositors was, and answered: "Mostly East Siders, working people, small tradesmen, dressmakers, persons whose little all is on deposit." Whereupon Morgan replied: "Some way must be found to help those poor people. We mustn't let them lose all they have in the world." Mr. Lamont repeats this on someone else's authority. It is probably pure fiction. A playwright who put either half of this dialogue into the mouth of any banker would be laughed off the stage. Certainly the man who wrecked the New Haven Railroad, who ripped apart for his own ends a road whose bonds were held by the little savers all over New England, never uttered such a piece of sentimental drivel. Morgan lived in a world of grasp and greed, of grab and gather, in which there was no place for worry about the simple dolts that wriggled below.

He was one of the greatest enemies our society ever had, and most of the devious and damaging corporate stratagems which have brought us into our present hole were developed and perfected and varnished with respectability by him. He was no rescuer. He lived on wrecks. He thrived on depressions. He built nothing. He pounced upon what other men built. Alfred Henry Lewis aptly compared him and his kind to a certain duck which is averse to diving but swims about the calm surface waiting for other ducks to dive down and bring up a succulent root, whereupon the first duck attacks the diver and robs him of his fruit. To hold such a man up to the admiration of the present generation, at this time, is an insult to the intelligence of the American reader. It shows the need of greater vigilance than ever, of keener scrutiny of the forces that directly and indirectly shape public opinion through the press, the magazines, and the other means by which ideas are instilled.

The Power Trust Picks Its Own Judge

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

BOLD as the power trust has always been, it would be difficult to find anywhere in its record an example of audacity and complete disregard for legal ethics to compare with that which has just been turned up in Miami, Florida. In this case it has picked its own judge to hear the facts in a suit brought by a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company against the municipal government of Miami. When I say "its own judge," I mean just that. The man picked to sit as "special master" to determine the facts in this suit has never sat upon the bench nor has he ever been admitted to the bar. He is not a politician or anything of that sort. *He is a consulting engineer for one of the big utility firms.*

On February 14 of this year the city commission of Miami adopted a resolution directing that the rates and charges of the Florida Power and Light Company be reduced. This company, which has the electricity monopoly in the city, is owned outright by the American Power and Light Company, incorporated in New York State, which in turn is a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company. Some weeks later the Florida company brought suit in the federal district court against the city commission and its individual members, asking that they be enjoined from putting the new rate order into effect. John F. McLane, of 120 Broadway, New York City, appears as counsel of record for the company. The city's motion to dismiss the suit on various grounds was denied by Federal Judge Halsted L. Ritter, who thereupon "ordered and decreed that Cary T. Hutchinson be and hereby is appointed the special master in this cause to hear the testimony, cause the same to be transcribed and filed in this court, *together with the findings of fact thereon* on or before the first day of August, 1933." (*Italics mine.*)

Before we inquire into Hutchinson's antecedents and connections, let us look at the nature of his duties under this appointment. The dispute between the power company and the city involves conflicting interpretations of the rate-base structure, that is to say, the true value of that part of the company's property necessary to the production and distribution of electricity in Miami, this being the base upon which is determined the rates the company may charge in order to earn an equitable return on its investment. The company, for example, wants to include in the rate-base structure the sum of \$108,859.47, which is given as the estimated value of the Miami Railway substation. But the city contends that "the Miami Railway substation is not a part of the facilities necessary and incident to the manufacture, delivery, and distribution of electricity within the area of the city of Miami, and that said Miami Railway substation is a part and parcel of the Miami Beach Railway Company, a subsidiary of plaintiff corporation, and not in any manner an item inclusive within the rate-base structure for the making of rates to the citizens of Miami." There are many other questionable items, the total amounting to \$11,480,729.94. If all these items were allowed, the estimated value of the company's property would be approximately doubled

as compared with the value the city commission has placed on it, and therefore the rates would have to be approximately doubled.

This controversy is the heart and the substance of the power company's suit. It is not a question of law, but can only be settled by determining the facts. And Judge Ritter has named Cary T. Hutchinson to pass upon these disputed facts. It is left to Hutchinson to decide whether the railway substation or any of the other questionable items shall be included in evaluating the company's property. More than that, under the court order he is permitted to hire his own appraisal experts. "The special master," the order reads, "shall employ such assistance as he may deem necessary." Counsel for the city contend that this will permit him to receive "information and assistance outside the record," and "to employ a force of his own and make his own findings irrespective of the evidence submitted by the parties to the action, without giving to the city of Miami the right to cross-examine witnesses and assistants that may appear before the special master without knowledge on the part of the city of Miami."

What, then, is the record of the man who has in effect been given blanket authority to set new rates for the Florida Power and Light Company? Since 1922 Cary T. Hutchinson has been employed as a consulting engineer by Sanderson and Porter, a public-utility firm with offices at 52 William Street, New York City. From 1922 to 1930 Sanderson and Porter, through the Federal Light and Traction Company, a corporation which they owned and controlled, were the owners or managers of at least twenty-five electric, gas, water, and street-railway companies located in different parts of the United States. In March, 1930, control of these properties passed to the Cities Service Company. However, Sanderson and Porter still manage the companies through the Federal Light and Traction Company. The three firms are closely bound together by interlocking directorates. The Cities Service Company is owned by Henry L. Doherty, who has a home in Miami and is an intimate personal friend of Judge Halsted L. Ritter.

According to the Federal Trade Commission's report to Congress, Sanderson and Porter several years ago made a valuation report for the Florida Power Corporation, an Insull company operating in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, which was later used as the basis for a \$3,000,000 write-up in the value of the Florida Power properties. The same report shows that the Florida Power and Light Company, the plaintiff in the Miami suit, buys its electricity for distribution in Lake City and Live Oak from the Florida Power Corporation.

The firm of Sanderson and Porter was also employed by a power company operating in Piqua, Ohio, for the purpose of discrediting a report made for that municipality by the Burns and McDonnell Engineering Company of Kansas City, Missouri. The same engineering company prepared the report for the city of Miami which the city commission used as the basis for lowering the electric rates, and upon which

Cary T. Hutchinson, an employee of Sanderson and Porter, is now to pass judgment!

But that is not all. Hutchinson has a record of his own worth considering. Charles A. Russell, of Washington, D. C., chief counsel for the city of Miami in this suit, has filed an affidavit with the court—which the court promptly set aside as being of no value—showing that Hutchinson had been connected with the Conowingo development on the Susquehanna River in Maryland. According to the affidavit, the promoters of the Conowingo development “undertook to float bonds and securities of more than \$11,000,000 in excess of the cost of the development, and by virtue of the interference of the Federal Power Commission of Washington, D. C., the said promoters were prevented from issuing such fictitious bonds and securities, as the records of the Federal Power Commission disclose.”

The said Cary T. Hutchinson [the affidavit continues] had a part in a report prepared by the Brookings Institution, a privately endowed institution of Washington, D. C., which prepared and circulated a book described as “The St. Lawrence Navigation and Power Projects.” . . . The purport and effect of said book was to discredit the development of electric power on said river as economically unsound . . . the argument supporting that conclusion is irritatingly biased and misleading. The report sustains and upholds every contention made by power companies relating to this development and in no instance does it support an honest finding in the interest of the public. It is based upon assumption after assumption drawn from thin air and from such assumptions a conclusion is reached that has not one iota of fact to support it. It is pure power-company propaganda.

An affidavit from Morris Llewellyn Cooke, the nationally known utility engineer, was submitted to the court. It asserts that late in 1917 or early in 1918—

. . . Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, sent for the undersigned . . . and advised me that he, Newton D. Baker, was engaged on behalf of the government in reaching an understanding with the Duquesne Company as to power developments in the Pittsburgh district, and further that he was having difficulty in arriving at what seemed to him like fair terms because of the much more advantageous terms then being offered to the Philadelphia Electric Company for the power developments in the Philadelphia District by the United States Shipping Board or its subsidiary, the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The undersigned was at this time executive assistant to Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board. On making inquiry I discovered that the executive officer of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Admiral Bowles, was about to sign a contract by which the government would advance the Philadelphia Electric Company twenty million dollars. It was provided in this contract that of this sum 40 per cent was classified as war wastage, making it difficult if not impossible to recover under the arbitration proceedings set up to determine what was to be paid back to the government by this company at the close of the war.

Because of this and other features obviously disadvantageous to the government this contract embracing perhaps twenty legal pages was rejected in toto. Upon inquiry the writer found that the Emergency Fleet officials were acting largely upon the advice of one Cary T. Hutchinson, and that for the service rendered in this matter he had been paid \$1,100, at the rate of \$100 a day, by the Emergency

Fleet Corporation. Acting for a committee of the war-time Cabinet (Secretary of War Baker, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and the Chairman of the Shipping Board, Edward N. Hurley) the writer then made a more provident arrangement for government advances to the Philadelphia Electric Company if and when it was shown that they were necessary. But after further examining the situation it was discovered that if the Philadelphia Electric Company needed any money at all, it would be a much smaller sum than that recommended by Mr. Hutchinson. It was later decided that no moneys were required and no government advance was made.

During 1917-18 this affiant had personal cognizance of governmental contracts ranging into many hundreds of millions of dollars. He never saw one even suggested that failed so completely to safeguard the government's interests as this one, which was largely negotiated by and ultimately approved by Cary T. Hutchinson.

This is the same Cary T. Hutchinson who has been picked to decide how much the residents of Miami must pay for their electricity. Judge Ritter, by his own confession, selected Hutchinson in a most questionable manner. “You see, in these cases,” he declared on May 12, “counsel on both sides often submit different names to the judge, and then the judge has to run them down and find out about them and pick out a man out of those suggested, and then the side the man is picked from the other side kicks, and if from the other side that side kicks; so in this case I took the initiative and suggested a name and compelled you fellows to run him down, so that the court might escape this onerous duty. The man I picked is qualified and he has started to work performing certain services. *I am satisfied with him and that is all there is to it.*” At another place Judge Ritter asserted that “before I appointed Mr. Hutchinson, counsel on both sides stated to me that he was entirely satisfactory.” But every one of the six lawyers appearing for the defense arose to challenge this statement. Not one of them had been present at the meeting in the Judge's chambers when Hutchinson's appointment was finally decided upon!

Judge Ritter, however, swept all these objections aside. The affidavits he dismissed with the statement that to his mind they were neither “justified nor true. I have taken up myself some of the things charged in these affidavits and find them utterly groundless. Mr. Hutchinson bears the highest respect of the profession; a man of fine character, and absolutely impartial in what he shall do in this case without any preconceived theories which would cloud his judgment. This case is of great importance to this community, and I have endeavored to find a man absolutely unconnected and uninfluenced by any circumstance or condition on either side of the case.”

[This is the sixth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The seventh will appear in an early issue.]

TRAMP . . . TRAMP . . . Tramp

Searching for a summer home? Save yourself the time and effort, look through *The Nation* classified columns and solve your problems.

See page iii

Counting the Homeless

By JAMES RORTY

BY the nature of their case America's homeless are difficult to count. They are not in a position to count themselves—our present highway and bread-line population is neither effectively organized nor effectively vocal—and the estimates of public and private agencies have perhaps been colored by the hope of arousing public sympathy for some particular element of this population—men, women, or boys.

Thus far the boys have received the most public sympathy, just as they get by all odds the best break on the road. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has estimated that about 200,000 boys are on the loose. Other estimates have reached the half-million mark. Newspapers and magazines have featured these estimates. Congressmen have attempted to get federal relief legislation for these boys.

America was shocked when it learned that our economic collapse had sent 200,000, or 300,000, or 500,000 homeless children out upon the highways. What will be the public's reaction to the statement that by far the largest single category of our homeless—from 30 per cent to 40 per cent of the total—consists not of boys, but of aging men, workmen over forty-five. Probably at least 400,000 such men are on the bread lines and highways of America, and most of these our industrial system, which feeds on youth, will never absorb. There are perhaps 100,000 homeless women. There are probably not more than 125,000 boys on the loose, but to this total must be added almost as many children in wandering families—the "gasoline gypsies" of the West and Southwest—and at least half of these children are under fifteen. The total number of homeless persons is, or was on March 22 last, at least a million and a quarter.

These estimates are based on the second census taken by the National Committee on the Care of the Transient and the Homeless, under the direction of Nels Andersen. The first was a three-day count on January 9, 10, and 11, representing a hurried attempt to secure information for the Senate hearings in connection with the Costigan-La Follette relief bill. The more recent census, for 765 cities in the 48 States, supplies much more detailed information about our hobo army. Like the count of the previous January the census of March 22 involved the cooperation of more than 3,000 local agencies, plus such national agencies as the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A., the Travelers' Aid Society, the Y. W. C. A., the National Urban League, the Family Welfare Association, the Association of Community Chests and Councils, and the agencies for the Jewish homeless. In most of the cities there was also cooperation by police and public lodging-house keepers.

The census was of course far from complete. Of 3,115 cities of 2,500 population and over, 2,350 were not heard from. All the larger cities reported, but the job of counting was so great that, except in New York City, it was not adequately done. If cities like Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia had sent in complete reports, the totals in the following table would have been increased by no less than 50,000:

Total homeless persons enumerated.....	201,596
Men	177,483
Women	9,926
Adults in families.....	5,935
Children in families.....	8,252

Homeless persons in this census included all destitute individuals living apart from their families. A transient homeless person is a detached and destitute individual who has not resided in the community long enough—usually one year's residence is required—to be eligible for relief. The adults and children shown above as members of families were all members of 3,155 transient families reported.

Does public and private charity provide a roof and a bed for every homeless American? Not by a good deal. The census shows that on March 22, in far from balmy weather, 18,059 persons were sleeping outdoors and 15,658 were sleeping in shanties—Hoovervilles; this in spite of the reluctance of most cities to report the homeless in jungles, roadside camps, and shanty communities. The actual number of the shelterless on that night was of course many times greater, just as the total reported as sleeping in jails and police stations—11,487—is far from representative of the actual condition. This last figure would have been many times larger if the several thousand unreported cities and towns had been heard from. In the small town the keeper of the calaboose is the chief social worker for the homeless. Of the 201,596 homeless reported, 40,189 were sheltered by private agencies, led by the Salvation Army, and 32,914 by public agencies. It is probable that in addition to the 3,155 transient families reported by the census thousands more found shelter in jungles and roadside camps. This is indicated by the fact that 1,956 of the women reported were among the 33,697 persons sleeping out or providing their own shelter.

What about these women? One can remember when it was front-page news to hear of a woman on the road. Today the census indicates that women constitute about 5 per cent of the homeless without families. But this is undoubtedly too low a figure. The actual number of homeless destitute women is probably twice as large. Most cities have no facilities for sheltering women. In many cities the homeless women who apply to relief agencies are sheltered in furnished rooms and not reported in this type of census. In New York City alone one could find as many homeless destitute unemployed women as were reported by this census for 765 cities. They are young women for the most part; in New England alone does the percentage of older women exceed 35.

This census did not take into account the homeless persons riding on the ten thousand or more trains operating over more than 148,000 miles of railway in the United States, nor did it include the army of hitch hikers thumbing their way over our more than 240,000 miles of paved highways. Considering so many unreported wanderers, it seems reasonable to estimate the homeless population in the United States to be six times the total figure reported by this census.

The real challenge of the homeless problem in the

United States is not the young man but the old one. We have always had boy hobos. They played their part, and a large one, in pushing back the frontier. It is only now, when the frontier is gone and the westward trek leads but to Hollywood, that they have become a problem. For every boy tramp there are no fewer than six homeless men of forty-five years or more. An improved labor market will help the boys, if they can be persuaded to leave the vagrant life. But no matter how much the labor market improves, the older men, in these days of technological unemployment, will not get work. Nor will they get much aid from the relief agencies, which are more eager to help the boys because boys make a much stronger appeal to the contributing public. Only a few agencies, the chief of them being the Salvation Army, are willing to extend help to the old men. In no State is

there any adequate program for caring for these migratory workers after they have come to the end of their usefulness in the labor market. They are usually not eligible for pensions. The poorhouse is not a good answer. It will be difficult to put through a public program for them until the private agencies recognize the problem and formulate a solution.

One other figure in this census deserves isolation and emphasis. Consider 3,155 homeless families with 8,252 children, 5,544 of whom are under fifteen years. It is possible for society to put an aging single man in jail or in the poorhouse if it can think of nothing better to do with his still unexpended energy and desire to live. But what can it do with a whole family. Toward what are these families heading? Have we in this population an American beginning of the Old World beggar families?

The Great Stampede

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 10

ABOUT the time these dazzling periods burst upon an avid world, Congress, under present plans, will adjourn, thus putting an end to the greatest legislative stampede of modern times. The outcome may properly be awaited with a mixture of suspense and hope. The Administration has staked its own and the nation's future on a series of moves of unparalleled audacity. If they succeed, Roosevelt's place in history is secure. If they fail, it is doubtful whether anyone will remain to read or write history. Whatever the end, it is wise to recognize that there has been a revolutionary change in the processes, if not the structure, of the national government—a fact which is made more disquieting by the thought that such a change may have been necessary. Considering, however, that the die is already cast; and considering, moreover, the temperature and humidity now prevailing in Washington, your correspondent is disposed to view developments in his customary philosophical mood.

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INVESTIGATION by the Senate of those creatures, the bankers, continues to emphasize that their actions have been dominated by two controlling motives: first, to make all the money possible; second, to avoid contributing any of it to the support of the government which allows them to make it, and which protects their property and their lives. The disclosure was no shock to me, because I have devoted much study to this particular form of animal life, but judging from the unanimous vote by which the Senate directed the committee and Mr. Pecora to explore the transactions by which the Morgan partners avoided payment of taxes, the once trustful public has been profoundly moved. In defense of these gentlemen it has been stated repeatedly that they paid no income taxes in recent years "because they had no income." I am personally acquainted with a few families who actually had no income during the last two years. Did they maintain town and country houses, manned by large retinues of servants? Did they go to Palm Beach in winter and Bar Harbor in summer? Did they eat the best food, wear the

best clothing, and send their children to the most exclusive schools? They did not. This is what they did: First they used up their savings. Then they borrowed on their insurance policies until these had lapsed or been exhausted. Next they borrowed from friends and relatives until they could borrow no more. Finally they "went on welfare," with many of the boys and girls hitting the open road for careers of theft, beggary, or prostitution. To argue that the luxury-loving, tax-dodging bankers "had no income" is palpable sophistry. Of course they had income. They simply sold enough stocks to establish paper "losses" that would offset their income. In some instances the stocks were repurchased by themselves or their wives within a few days. That sort of childish parlor magic may satisfy the courts and the moronic sycophants of big business; it may even salve the consciences of Messrs. Morgan and Lamont; but it will neither soothe nor deceive any honest person of adult intelligence. Pride should have impelled the great J. P. to make some contribution to the upkeep of the harbor where his yacht was anchored, instead of permitting the rest of us to shoulder it all.

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BUT alas, what tragedy has overtaken the legend of the Morgan pride! It is not merely that we discover the head of the firm and his nineteen partners resorting to every conceivable technicality to avoid payment of taxes. From the beginning of the present century it has been a common saying that "Morgan can pick and choose," yet we find him backing such a pair of wildcat promoters as the Van Sweringens, and using them as "fronts" to acquire a hodge-podge of railroads, some unprofitable and others notoriously overcapitalized, the conglomeration being made the basis of security issues which resulted disastrously for the poor suckers who held on to the stock. At that rate Wallingford could also "pick and choose." In the light of the Van Sweringen history, it ill becomes the Morgan partners to sniff and look down their several noses when such names as Dillon, Read and Company are mentioned. The brothers Van Sweringen themselves have admitted forming dummy corporations to

avoid the payment of taxes, or, as Oris P. so blandly put it, "to take advantage of the exemptions provided by Congress." No, the Morgan legend is a sorry spectacle. Indeed, by his efforts to support his brand-new reputation for affability, J. P. has succeeded in making himself slightly ridiculous. Thus far he has not offered to wiggle his ears or stand on his head for the camera men, but neither would be surprising. I liked him better in the old "go-to-hell" role. If we must have financial barons, let them maintain a baronial dignity. It is saddening enough to realize that the nation's business is controlled by one man, without being confronted by the fact that he is a midget's playmate.

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ONE of the amusing incidents of the inquiry, from a reporter's standpoint, was the ludicrous about-face executed by Edwin C. Hill, of the Hearst papers and the radio. By reason of a melodious voice and an untrammelled imagination Hill recently blossomed out as a "famous reporter" (to the profound astonishment of those reporters who had ever heard of him), and presently was engaged by Hearst to cover the Morgan investigation. He hauled off with a couple of florid compositions bristling with invidious comparisons between the regal Morgan ("Lorenzo the Magnificent") and Pecora ("the Sicilian immigrant boy"). Thereupon from the ranch at San Simeon issued a blast which was heard in Washington, New York, and all other cities where Hearst papers exist, and promptly the Sicilian immigrant boy became the hero of Hill's dispatches, and poor "Lorenzo" and his partners were made the targets for shafts more pointed than this correspondent would dare unloose in the pages of *The Nation*. I interpret this phenomenon as proving that Hearst is still a shrewd journalist and that Hill is still a shrewd business man.

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THE industrial control-public works bill, which has been properly described as one of the most revolutionary measures ever presented to Congress, apparently will be enacted in a form considerably improved over that in which it passed the House. Two weeks ago, when I pointed out in this place that a capital levy was the logical method of providing the revenue necessary to finance the Administration's public-works program, the notion that Congress might resort to that plan seemed almost fantastic. Nevertheless, so rapidly do things move in this vicinity, and so receptive has Congress become to new ideas, that it appears quite likely at this writing that both houses will embrace the Harrison proposal for a direct levy on corporation stocks and an excise tax on dividends. Whatever induced Pat to offer such a proposal I cannot imagine, but apparently his conservatism has been thoroughly shaken by the loss of a fortune in Gulfport (Mississippi) real estate. Moreover, the prospects of increasing normal income-tax rates that are already burdensome was sufficient to make the "sanest" statesman quail. At any rate, I am in favor of giving Pat full credit, especially if his plan prevails—as now seems likely. That General Hugh Johnson will be administrator of the industrial-control features of the bill is practically assured, although it will be surprising if the final set-up fails to disclose Donald R. Richberg in an advisory or supervisory role. The prospect of Johnson's appointment has elicited numerous expressions of

alarm from liberal quarters. It is pointed out (1) that he is an ex-army officer; (2) that he is an exceedingly hard-boiled gent; and (3) that he is a business associate of Barney Baruch. There is no occasion for alarm. I can state positively that General Johnson (and Baruch, too, for that matter) is a staunch convert to the doctrine that a complete collapse of business and industry can only be averted by shortening hours of work, raising wages, and increasing mass purchasing power. To find so much intelligence in such quarters may be a surprise, but this is the age of miracles.

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LEGISLATION, like men, must be judged by the enemies it makes. Thus it is immensely encouraging to hear Jim Emery, veteran lobbyist for the National Manufacturers Association, denouncing the industrial-control section of the bill as the final step to bolshevism. If Jim is against the bill, it must be all right. Washington affords no more reliable indicator. The bill gains new merit in the eyes of literate persons in being opposed by such outfits as the Steel Institute. Robert P. Lamont whines that the steel mills cannot shorten hours or raise wages when they are in the red. Of course they are in the red, when they are operating at 19 to 35 per cent capacity, while their overhead continues. The obvious fact that their books will never show a profit until purchasing power has been restored will probably never enter the heads of these numskulls until it is hammered in. Walter Teagle's "share-the-work" plan is admitted by Teagle himself to have been a failure. It was an attempt to support purchasing power, but it turned out to be just a charity fund at the expense of the poor devils who still had jobs. Obviously, something new must be tried, and it will be the industrial-control plan or nothing. It is possible to respect the honest objection of Senators Borah and Clark to suspending the anti-trust laws and delegating unprecedented powers to the executive department, without concurring. Men cannot live on the Sherman and Clayton acts alone—they must have bread.

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WITH their customary foresight, the railroads have contributed their bit toward industrial recovery and the restoration of purchasing power by announcing that they will ask their employees to take another 10 per cent wage cut. Roosevelt has displayed a very sympathetic attitude toward the rail owners—and this is their answer. In return for their invincible stupidity, it is probable they will feel the weight of the Big Stick. Traces of exasperation with them and their methods are now discernible at the White House. As a result of that exasperation (I suspect) the railroad-reorganization bill has been whipped into a very respectable measure. As it stands now, no more men will be retired under the bill than would be retired by natural causes; no men in service in May of this year will be deprived of their jobs or reduced in pay, and the committee representing railway labor will be selected by the standard unions. Company unions would be admitted to representation—but there is little likelihood of that. The policy of the companies is not to get company unions together but to keep them apart. Once a regional committee of company unions is established, it will be the end of company unions. As press time approaches, the common people still appear to have the upper hand.

The New Kultur

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE burning of "un-German" books to the number of 20,000 on the Opernplatz in Berlin on the night of May 10 was only the most spectacular of various activities whereby the un-German spirit of pacifism, Marxism, Judaism was to be exterminated. Quaint fire-fellows (if one may say so) found themselves juxtaposed on a foundation of sand when the students hurled their torches in front of the statue of Alexander von Humboldt. The pacifists were that semi-Oriental prince in bisque, Coudenhove-Kalergi (whose father, however, wrote a book combating anti-Semitism), and Remarque; several of the Marxists were Jews, the sainted Karl himself and Bernstein and Kautsky. Next came Walter Rathenau, the "urbanest servant," as Thomas Mann called him, of the German people and its republic; and there were harmless popular entertainers like Feuchtwanger and Stefan Zweig (not Arnold of the same name, a fact which has its deep meaning) and Emil Ludwig. The one common denominator of the Jews involved was that most of them were afflicted with self-hatred to the point of active anti-Semitism—Marx, Kautsky, Rathenau representing flight into internationalism, flight into 107 per cent Germanism—and that none of them except Feuchtwanger ever wrote in any guise except that of a German author. The more German, the more un-German. The students also added certain of the works of Thomas Mann, which damns them more deeply than anything else, since it marks their repudiation of their own highest embodiment of human civilization and the frank plunge into a degenerate savagery.

One other detail of the auto-da-fé, even if American papers have reported it, has probably not been adequately interpreted. Yet it is of the utmost significance. Students of the Physical Culture University (Hochschule für Leibesübungen!), before proceeding to the Opernplatz behind the trucks of books, stopped to "clean out" the Magnus Hirschfeld Institut, and having arrived on the Platz itself did Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld the special honor of burning him in effigy. Why? Well, Hirschfeld is the renowned sexologist who began many years ago the publication of his *Zeitschrift für Sexuelle Zwischenstufen*, in which he argued for a scientific rather than a criminological attitude toward homosexuality. Why did the Nazi students pick on him? I shall try to be as little unsavory as I can and refer passim for the ultimate reasons to certain classical pages in Freud's "Totem und Tabu." But the students did not burn Dr. Hirschfeld in effigy because they are pure little innocents. They did so because the entire movement is in fact and by certain aspects of its avowed ideology drenched through and through with homo-erotic feeling and practice.

It began many years ago with Hans Blüher's anti-Semitic (and therefore in this sense anti-Christian) preaching of Graeco-Germanic pedagogical principles and bindings (*Bindungen*); these ideas were embodied in the practice of the *Wandervogel*, the youth movement from which thousands of storm-troopers came. Therefore it had to be proved, and was proved as long ago as 1914, that the Greeks were of Germanic origin; also that David, for instance, was a blond

Aryan whose relations with Jonathan were thus and so, that Jesus, being a Galilean, was probably an Aryan, too, and that—but I spare my readers' sensibilities. From this coil of corrupt feeling, rationalized by insane ideologies, proceeds the Nazi doctrine of slavish obedience of male groups to their leader (this obedience being erotically tinged), and of these leaders once more to others, up to the supreme leader—*der schöne Adolf*. The 300 who held the pass of Thermopylae were 150 pairs of lovers, and thus, thus—well-purged of Judaeo-Christian inhibitions and returning to the noble practices of their Greek ancestors who were (*cf.* all the racial theoreticians) blond and blue-eyed Balto-Germans—will handsome Adolf's boys, having already conquered the German Communists and the German Jews, mop up the earth. But out of an obscure feeling of guilt inherited from the ancestral experience of 1,500 years of apparent submission to the Judaeo-Christian ethic, Adolf's boys had to burn in effigy the dirty Jew who, characteristically, pleads that the vices which they glorify be treated with the compassion of science.

All this sounds a little like spoofing. It is solemnly laid down and proved in thick tomes with all the apparatus of so-called scholarship. All the consequences, as the Germans are fond of saying, are being drawn. The Lutheran and Reformed churches are uniting to reorganize as *Deutsche Christen*. A "heroic piety" is to be cultivated; "the ideal of Germanic racial purity will be definitely represented by the church. Evangelicals who marry members of an alien race will be excluded from communion. . . . The German Christian church is the church of the Aryan race." A *Reichsbischof* will head a rigid hierarchy (again the blind obedience to a *Führer*!) and Marxist clergymen will no longer be tolerated. All achievement, all leadership, all organization are to be according to the racial reinterpretation of history, *arteigengeistig*, a monstrous vocable used by the redoubtable Adolf and so far the one Nazi contribution to style.

Against such a background and in such an atmosphere all cultural life must of course wither. The newly appointed Nazi directors of the municipal theaters are nervously looking for plays which the storm-troopers will not at once hoot off the boards. Obscure third-raters (*arteigengeistige* geniuses foully neglected by Reinhardt and Barnowsky and the other Jewish managers) are being hauled out; the most frequently played piece at the moment is "Schlageter," by Hans Johst, a turgid survivor of post-war expressionism about a hitherto unheard-of victim of the French occupation of the Rhineland. They cannot play Hauptmann—Marxist and *verjudet*; but they cannot even play Schiller. It was proposed to do "Don Carlos" in Berlin. Alas, the whole point of the play is in Posa's ringing cry to the Spanish king: "Sire, give us liberty of thought."

The film industry is in similar straits. The Jewish directors are expelled and the companies expropriated. Nazis sit in the offices and release copy to the effect that now at last true German films, simple and beautiful and uplifting and pedagogical, but yet calculated to please the Aryan soul and rouse the Aryan risibilities—no Jewish snicker—after a hard

day of *echt deutsche Arbeit*, will be produced tomorrow or at most the next day or the next. And who cares for the foreign market, at which, of course, in their corrupt internationalized manner, Fritz Lang *et id omne genus* were squinting. Pure German films will be made for pure German people, and at the same time the Hungarian gipsy orchestras and the Hungarian vaudevillians are being turned out of the cabarets and night cafes in Berlin, and "universal darkness covers all."

The graphic and plastic arts are being Germanized and "purified" at the same time. All modernism in art has been stamped as *Kulturbolschewismus*. Exhibitions of the works of artists long held in high esteem were forcibly closed in Hamburg and in other cities. The Berliner Sezession has (not voluntarily, one may be sure) "unanimously determined to reorganize in harmony with the National Socialist ideal," and has been placed under the leadership of two painters who are members of the Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur. Human nature being what it is, one can readily imagine the cruel chicanery with which any free artistic expression is pursued by the long-suppressed envy of mediocrities, by the failure's will to power, as well by the struggle today for every piece of bread. One has only to join the Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur, which has, to be sure, been disciplined by Goebbels for being more Nazi than Hitler, in order to stick an effective knife into rivals or competitors.

Literature is being throttled in other ways that are quietly and devastatingly effective. Nazi storm-troopers as well as plain-clothes spies keep strict watch on all booksellers, and woe to him who consents to sell books by liberals, pacifists, or Jews. At the same time all works by authors in these three categories are being "cleaned out" of public libraries and circulating libraries. This amounts, of course, among other things, to the gradual undermining of the economic position not only of Jewish writers of a high order, like Jacob Wassermann, but also of non-Jews such as Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, and Hermann Hesse, the latter one of the finest artists and noblest souls alive today, as well as to the gradual ruin of such publishing houses as Fischer and Rowohlt. What repercussion these measures, together with many similar ones, will have upon the economic condition of a land already wretchedly impoverished remains to be seen. It is no wonder, at all events, that Thomas Mann and Fritz von Unruh and Leonhard Frank and Jacob Wassermann have been forced out of the recently established Prussian Academy, and that the powerful and beneficent German Authors' Protective League, having expelled all left-wing German and non-Aryan members, is safe for National Socialism under the aegis of Dr. Walter Blöm, the author of a series of belligerently patriotic novels of the shoddiest kind.

The musical situation has been well canvassed in the world press. It goes without saying that liberals and Jews have been eliminated. A grim indication of the future of all the arts in the Third Reich is seen in the list of qualities which the directors of the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig propose to require of the successor of Bruno Walter: "He must love Bruckner. In the realm of late and neo-romantic music he must be able to distinguish between the timeless and the fashionable, between manifestations of the German soul and shallow virtuosity; he must have the clearest judgment as to where, in contemporary music, German humanity struggles for expression and where it does not."

People in the Western democracies have been most shocked by the elimination of Jewish professors from the German universities. The mad inner logic of the revolution did, however, lead straight to the principle that Germans (*deutsche Menschen*) must not be led, taught, or spiritually influenced by aliens. According to the principles of Nazi folk-mysticism the very fact that among these professors there are some of the world's leading scientists, and that these men are looked upon by the world as Germans, is the most deplorable feature of the situation. If German science, according to this view, cannot be represented by Germans, it had better not be represented at all. The Nazis are not always true to their own principles. They offered to let James Franck, Nobel prize-winner and as a physicist second only to Einstein, remain at Göttingen. Franck had the good sense and sufficient appreciation of his honor as a Jew to refuse. But practically all other Jews have been thrown out, and the few obscure *Dozenten* who remain are being boycotted by the students. The *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin, commenting upon the call extended to Einstein by the Collège de France, demanded that the discharged Jewish professors be at once deprived of their passports lest they be called to distinguished chairs in foreign universities and carry on an anti-German propaganda there.

It may not be useless—indeed, it may benefit universities in Western Europe and America—to mention a few of the men who are out of a job. There is the great gynecologist Professor Bernhard Zondek of Berlin, to whom a group of British physicians paid a magnificent tribute the other day. (Ironically enough a rumor comes to me that he has been called to Warsaw.) There is his scarcely less eminent brother Hermann. There are the two world-renowned chemists, both Nobel prize-winners, Richard Willstätter and Fritz Haber; I have already mentioned James Franck; there is the physiologist (also a Nobel prize-winner) Otto Meyerhoff of Heidelberg; there is Martin Wolff of Berlin, one of the leading European jurists; there is the economist Moritz Bonn, who needs no introduction in America; there are, finally, all the Orientalists and Semitologists of Jewish birth.

I shall not enter largely here upon the Jewish view of this disaster. Jacob Wassermann pleaded for years that in him at least the perfect and acceptable union of German *Geist* and Jewish blood had been accomplished. All the men in question, except to his everlasting honor Albert Einstein, stood by passive while the world thought of them as Germans only and added their glory to that of the German name.

For the world, all of us who have any hope left in humanity, it is to be noted that an attack of unrivaled strength and ferocity is being launched against the life of the mind as such, against all intellectual values, against all disinterestedness of thought, of research, of aspiration, against the slowly won rights of the human spirit and the freely functioning personality, against every principle and every truth and every freedom that men have lived for and often died for since the Renaissance, against all that has constituted for so long the very charter of humanity itself. Barbarians in the East trample upon this charter; equally fierce barbarians of the North now join them. So I quite expect to see foolish little parlor Bolsheviks presently joined by foolish little parlor Nazis. It is so cheap and easy to plunge and shiver and obey. Self-sustaining personalities had better be vigilant. A dark age threatens.

What Does the Younger Generation Think?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MY generation was born into an expanding world. We took it for granted that everything had a natural tendency to get bigger if not better, and when we thought about the fact at all we felt a certain scorn for this crude, uncritical growth. Every year there were more doctors, lawyers, and teachers than the year before. We knew, therefore, that we had only to be very moderately competent to find some sort of place for ourselves, and the last thing we feared was a world which would have no use for such talents as we happened to possess. Most of us are, moreover, still enjoying the results of the good fortune of our generation. We are still occupying the positions we found when positions were still findable, and we can only wonder what it seems like to be brought face to face with a world which has begun to contract at last. But we do at least wonder what college students are thinking and what it feels like to be a member of a generation so unneeded as to be an embarrassment to its elders. For years we have been saying that youth should be trusted and that youth would know what to do.

Recently I had occasion to visit three small Middle Western colleges, and it seemed a good opportunity to inquire. Perhaps the institutions were not typical, and I do not offer them as a satisfactory basis for any generalization, but the results of the inquiry were wholly negative. Neither students nor faculty members could tell me what their fellows or their charges were thinking, and both expressed the mildly cynical conviction that the students were not thinking about anything at all. For the most part, it is true, they know that no jobs await them. For the most part, perhaps, they study a little harder and perform a little more conscientiously their routine tasks because parents back home expect at least academic results. But there is, so I was told, no new spirit abroad, no changed attitude assumed toward a much-changed world. Out of a student body of a thousand there may be eight Socialists or Communists where there were five before. Here and there, there may be a student who has developed a mild interest in economic questions. But student bodies as such are much as student bodies have always been. They are not rebellious, or cynical, or even melancholy. They do what they are told, believe what they are told, and hope for the best.

At a State teachers' college in Missouri I found a very exceptional student who was glad to talk. He was tall, lanky, amiable, and member of a languishing Socialist local. He hoped, by hook or crook, to get to Columbia to do graduate work in English, and his unusual intelligence was not concealed by a rustic accent. "I can only tell you," he said, "what they *ought* to think. They ought to think that their teachers and their parents have let them down. Look at me, for instance. I have been going to school all my life and I have always been told the same thing. 'Get an education. The world has need for you and you must be prepared. Stick to your books, learn your profession, and we will do the rest. The world is crying for trained men and it is waiting for

you to assume the responsibilities which you must expect.' I was a good boy and I stuck to my books. I prepared myself diligently for the task I was going to be called upon to perform. The only fear I had was the fear of not being good enough. But where is that task and what has happened? Nobody knows what to do with me or the education I was so careful to get. I am not bitter. I believe that ultimately something can be done about it, and I wouldn't be a member of the Socialist Party if I didn't. But I do feel that I have been let down. I was urged to prepare myself for a busy world and I find that I have only prepared myself for a vacuum instead. No, most students don't feel that way. They don't feel any way at all." And to that position he stuck even under a pressing cross-examination.

What has become of the graduates of last year? "Well, there is one who is earning ten dollars a week driving a laundry wagon, but he is an exception. A good many have come back for another year and will have another degree conferred upon them. Most of the rest have returned home to live. After all, they had homes or they would not have been able to come to college. Now they have returned—labeled A.B. or B.S. They are a little disappointed of course. They would rather have jobs. But they never did have jobs and they do not feel unemployment so acutely as they would if they had been self-supporting for a time. Living at home does not seem particularly unnatural to one who has done it continuously for twenty years or more. Another year or two until something turns up makes no great difference."

Oddly enough, I find much the same situation in the graduate school of a large Eastern university. Most of the students are preparing themselves for non-existent positions as college teachers. But the enrolment has not greatly declined. Not so many students come from the remoter parts of the country because not so many have the money to come. But most of the places thus left vacant have been taken by local youths who have nothing better to do. Their interest in scholarship may not be very keen. Many of them would doubtless prefer to be selling bonds or writing advertisements. But for the moment there are no bonds to sell or advertisements to write, and so, momentarily baffled, they become candidates for an advanced degree.

Now of course no one knows how lasting the present conditions will be. It is possible that for mysterious reasons the world will soon begin to expand again and to expand rapidly enough to take up the slack created by the last few years. That is possible but it does not, at the moment, seem very likely. Probably the United States will never again be a place where opportunities of the old sort are as abundant as they once were. But from my own casual experience I see no reason to suppose that the bulk of the students have any adequate conception of the fact. For the moment they are faced with a stone wall. Some of them have even butted their heads against it once or twice; but few of them believe that it is really there or that, at worst, it will be there very long, and they are waiting calmly for it to fall—not because some Joshua has blown his trumpet, but quite simply of itself.

No one who has traveled in Europe has failed to notice how easy it is to recognize an American youth, male or female, on any street. Some used to say it was because of the hats, and some, going to the other extreme, said it was because of the shoes. But it was not really because of either, and what we recognized most readily was a certain air of gay

confidence. One could read on the faces the cheerful fact that nothing very unpleasant had ever happened to the owners and that the latter were sure nothing very unpleasant ever would. The expression was the expression of an individual who had never come up against a stone wall too long to be walked around or too high to be jumped over, of one who had never met any problem not to be solved by a reasonable amount of energy and a reasonable amount of determination. And in the colleges I visited the spirit was still this spirit of a youth which has been favored too long to believe that the favors could so suddenly be forever withdrawn.

Perhaps the students in the larger universities are ahead of their more isolated fellows. Certainly there is a large class of young men who have already been brought face to face with realities so far eluded by the children of parents able to afford to send them to college. But it would be a mistake, I fancy, to suppose that college students as a whole have really begun yet to think very much about a world which has commenced to shrink. Not many of them are red. They are, as a matter of fact, rather less discontented than even a moderate liberal supposes every youth ought to be even in the best of times.

To Go or Not to Go

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

THE war clouds on Europe's horizon have receded in these last weeks. They may rise again later but it is safe to forecast fair weather for the summer traveler. The very fact that the dictatorship has established itself so firmly in Germany removes for the present one of the current apprehensions of travelers—the fear of being caught in a revolution. Nevertheless, this will be a dramatic summer in Europe. Geneva awaits the conclusion of the Disarmament Conference. London is to be the scene of the history-making Economic Conference. Three nations of widely different temperaments are making widely differing experiments in social change. Germany, Russia, and Spain have put on gripping social dramas.

The dollar, though at a slight disadvantage compared with last year, still buys a great deal abroad, and it undoubtedly buys more than it will buy in the summer of 1934. The world price level is likely to rise faster than our incomes, and the expected international stabilization of currencies will tend to equalize travel costs in all countries, depriving the dollar of the advantages which it still enjoys. In the international scheme of things, the present travel advantages of the dollar may be rated somewhat as follows: England and Switzerland are a little less expensive than the United States. Holland and the Scandinavian countries are cheaper than England. France and Germany are cheaper still. Depreciated currencies in Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Spain, and Finland make travel very cheap indeed for foreigners with dollars. The traveler going to any country on a tour for which he pays in America will generally pay no more or only a little more than he would have paid before the United States went off the gold standard. This is because most travel organizations, faced with the alternative of raising prices or cutting profit, have decided it wise to take the exchange loss, or most of it, out of profit.

There is one country in particular where the dollar may still buy all the travel service that it bought before it fell. The Soviet authorities in charge of tourism have ruled thus far that the dollar is to be valued this summer at par for services purchased in the United States, but that on services purchased after arrival in the Soviet Union the dollar will be discounted. Thus the traveler who purchases his Russian trip before sailing, whether he buys it from Intourist or from an American travel bureau, should pay no more than he would have paid three months ago.

An innovation in travel to the Soviet Union is provided by a series of Italian Line sailings which take one through the Mediterranean to the Black Sea ports of the Crimea. The Roma, sailing on July 1 for a Mediterranean cruise, will touch at Odessa and Yalta. Other Italian Line sailings on June 24 and July 8 make a convenient connection in Italy with the Stella d'Italia, a fast steamer of the Grand Orient Express. The route to Odessa compares favorably in time and expense with the more familiar route to Leningrad. The two may be combined in a circular tour which enters Russia at the south and leaves at the north, or vice versa.

The American Economic Committee for Palestine sponsors a summer tour as part of its work of disseminating information about Palestine's industrial upbuilding. The group, limited to fifty, will sail on the Conte di Savoia on July 8. During the thirty days in Palestine every phase of the country's development—agricultural, industrial, educational, social, and religious—will be studied. The advertised round-trip inclusive rate is \$420. Paul Tausig and Son, of 29 West Forty-sixth Street, are making the travel arrangements.

[This is the fourth of a series of columns devoted to travel information of special interest to Nation readers. A fifth will appear in an early issue.]

In the Driftway

NOT long ago this column was devoted to a paean of praise of American cookery, especially to the fine job done by Sheila Hibben in glorifying our toothsome regional dishes and in assembling recipes for them in her recently published "National Cookbook." Of course much of our early cookery, especially that of New England, was derived from Great Britain, and the Drifter is glad to note that the *Manchester Guardian*, a staunch upholder of the excellence of English food, has been conducting a prize contest for the best tribute to a regional dish. Many Americans are accustomed to sneer at English cooking, but this, the Drifter thinks, is partly a pose and partly due to the fact that our judgments are based mostly on experience with restaurants in London, which give hardly a fairer idea of English cuisine than those of New York do of that of the United States.

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THE *Manchester Guardian* protests against the way in which many Englishmen wax ecstatic over the regional dishes of France as the "Everests of epicurean experience," forgetting the gastronomic peaks of their own land, but the results of the prize contest show that there is ample appreciation of English cookery in England. Some few of the con-

testants found themselves so bursting with culinary emotion that they could express themselves only in verse, as in the case of one who sent a tribute to Yorkshire egg-and-bacon pie. She began:

Of the countless toothsome pies,
on which our race relies,
There's one whose facination never fails—
The noble "egg-and-bacon"—
a food ideal to take on
A picnic or a hike among the dales.

This dish, it appears, consists of rashers of bacon plunged into an egg and milk custard, and the *Guardian* admits that some persons may have qualms in regard to bacon and custard "in pie formation." But after reading the rhapsody on this "succulent, sustaining dish, far surpassing pies of fish" the Drifter stands eager to try it. He is curious also about Yorkshire parkin (oatmeal gingerbread), of which an admirer writes:

I walk my twenty miles a day,
And often climb a tree;
On Yorkshire parkin I was raised,
For breakfast, supper, tea.

* * * * *

THE cakes of Banbury, Shrewsbury, and Eccles are all enthusiastically celebrated. So is Bury simnel (a plum cake) and the Richmond maid of honor. There are salutes for Devonshire cream and Cumberland rum butter. Of the former it is said that "even the austerity of a breakfast cereal melts beneath its clinging embrace." The latter,

suave and mellow and rich, appeals at once to the sense of smell and to the sense of taste. It is a synthetic honey which renders all natural honeys flat. It has the magic power of exalting all plain teas into high teas, and making them first a physical joy and then a fragrant memory.

A champion of Cambridge sausage says: "Cambridge students 'go down' reluctantly—Cambridge sausages with gusto." Bury pudding is idolized, while Bowton trotters, Lancashire hotpot, and Norfolk dumplings all have friends. Yet in spite of the wide field covered, the *Guardian* thinks there are notable omissions:

Why is there no soup in the list? Is there no English district which attaches importance to its own form of broth? ... Why are several people so enthusiastic about Cambridge sausages while no one has a word to say about the more distinctive Lincolnshire haslet? Why so many tributes to Cornish pasty but not a single tribute to potato pie, which is a standard dish in many Lancashire homes?

* * * * *

ONE of the *Guardian's* prizes was awarded to an encomium of a notably humble food:

There is no edible luxury to compare with a Manx kipper. Its gleaming skin incloses rich and luscious pinky-brown flesh of a flavor unequaled by caviar or salmon. It is nourishing, sustaining, wholesome, and digestible. It is always fresh, for "the herring of today is the kipper of tomorrow." It contains all the known vitamins and many yet to be discovered. It can be served for breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper. Grilled, fried, broiled, or toasted, it is a dish fit for royalty; mashed with cream, an offering for the gods. And it costs twopence.

This kingly tribute to a lowly subject makes the mouth water, and the moderate cost is a further recommendation. The Manxmen may send the Drifter a kipper by the next ship, C. O. D. But better send him the tuppence first.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Reply to Professor Pearl

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is, perhaps, carrying coals to Newcastle to dispute for the benefit of readers of *The Nation* Professor Raymond Pearl's defense of the food industries in his review of our book "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" in your issue of May 24. For Dr. Pearl's claim that "the great bulk of manufactured foods of all kinds achieve and maintain a remarkably high standard of quality and purity, all things considered," is based, so far as we can discover, solely on his opinion that "for something like two decades past practically every important branch of the food industry (manufacturing) in this country has been aggressively educating and policing its own membership, not for the purpose of devising new ways to cheat the consumer, but upon the sound theory that honesty is the best policy. . . ." Although his reputation is as a statistician, and although he takes us to task for not using statistics, Dr. Pearl presents not one shred of evidence, statistical or otherwise, to support his broad and sweeping defense; he is content to ask that we have faith in the captains of industry. As author of "The Nation's Food," which was a war-time statistical study of the quantities of food available in the United States, Dr. Pearl may expect us to accept on faith his statements on *availability* of food supplies *fifteen years ago*, but surely not those on the *wholesomeness* of food supplies *today*.

If Dr. Pearl were right, then the new Administration in Washington, which has accepted our analysis of the dangers to the public health and purse and has been busy for some weeks elaborating as drastic revisions of the nation's food and drug laws as the honest and public-spirited manufacturers of food and drugs will permit their favorite Senators or Congressmen to vote for, would be making much ado about nothing. *The Nation* should, perhaps, ask Dr. Pearl to make public for the Administration's benefit, the facts and figures—if he has any—on which he based his sweeping assertions. We have reason to believe that Dr. Pearl would not do any such thing, for he betrays his ignorance of the subject at the one point in his review at which he becomes more or less specific. Thus he refers, though parenthetically, to "the wide range of canned foods of unimpeached quality sold by the great grocery-store chains." As a matter of fact, though the government subjects to inspection only an insignificant, almost infinitesimal proportion of the total supply of canned foods in interstate commerce, the issues of the government's notices of judgment relating to food seizures and prosecutions record case after case of shipments described as "consisting wholly or in part of filthy, decomposed, or putrid substance." In one case the government found it necessary to seize 22,500 cans of salmon shipped by that most reputable firm, Libby, McNeill, and Libby. In another case, as we reported, though Dr. Pearl apparently did not consider this to be proper statistical evidence, 2,000,000 cans of partly decomposed salmon shipped by a Western packer were seized by the government. These blameless canned foods, sold by the great grocery chains and by every other grocer, often contain maggots, worms (found in one lot of over 40,000 cans of blueberries), arsenic and lead, molds, yeasts, and other harmful and potentially harmful substances.

Even the editor of the *Canning Trade* does not put such all-embracing faith in the industry as does Dr. Pearl. The following is from an editorial appearing in the March 15 issue of that publication:

Last week a can of salmon, served on lettuce, was a dish on our table. Before allowing anyone to touch it, we insisted upon having the can so as to see the label. We were certain that it was "cat food" sent to us by mistake. Lo, and behold, the label bore the name of one of the oldest and best-known salmon canners on the coast, and it was vacuum packed, labeled pink salmon! . . . It was not even good cat food, and should never have been packed.

Dr. Pearl, after due consideration, judges us to be morally indecent reformers because of our attacks on the noble food industry. What does he say, we wonder, to the report of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which that wildly radical reformer, George W. Wickersham, is vice-president? A section of their report which was quoted in our book, but which Dr. Pearl chose to ignore, follows:

. . . a considerable part of the food he [the consumer] buys, though well cooked and daintily served, may be in a condition of expertly disguised but dangerous state of disease, decay, or adulteration. He has relied on the law to protect his food from its initial stage through the processes of gathering, slaughtering, handling, packing, etc., all by men definitely dealing in food for the money to be made out of it.

Avarice and the pressure of competition are weighed in the balance with the evil of selling diseased, spoiled, verminous, and adulterated food disguised as and sometimes labeled wholesome, with the result almost invariably in favor of the former.

Actual regulatory inspection by the federal government seems to be almost negligible except in the case of meat. . . .

But, of course, Dr. Pearl will not accept such a statement since it is not statistical; for to him the truth lies only in neat little tables of figures—*except* when he himself is having the time of his life reforming reformers, blackguards compared with whom "the late Webster Thayer seems almost the perfect paragon of judicial fairness."

We are somewhat at a loss to know what judicial fairness means to Judicial Paragon Pearl. After roundly condemning the whole book, he admits that he has no competence with respect to the drug industry, which industry is the subject of three-quarters of the book; and when he refers to the food industries as a "field of my competence, such as it is," he apparently means—field of my competence, if any.

Washington, N. J., June 5

ARTHUR KALLET
F. J. SCHLINK

Help for George Crawford

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I express to *The Nation* the very real gratitude of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for the superb editorial, Judge Lowell's Great Decision, in the issue of May 10. The association is fighting this case against very great odds, not only because our investigations strongly indicate Crawford's innocence and establish firm grounds for belief that an attempt is being made to make him the scapegoat to protect another person, but particularly because of the fundamental principle which affirmation by the United States Supreme Court of Judge Lowell's decision will establish.

Unfortunately we are sorely handicapped by lack of funds. Unless we are able to secure help there is a grave possibility that we shall not be able to make the fight as it should be made.

Will readers of *The Nation* help in this great struggle by rushing funds immediately to the N. A. A. C. P., 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City? Checks should be made payable to Mary White Ovington, treasurer.

New York, June 5

WALTER A. WHITE

Finance

The Last Days of Cyrus the Great

THE fiscal remains of a Cleveland financier, which had been littering the alleys of the money world for the previous few days, were interred June 12 without benefit of clergy. On that day the Chase National Bank auctioned off the collateral it held on loans of about \$26,000,000 carried for Continental Shares, Inc., after a stockholder's suit had vainly sought to enjoin the sale. It was the final curtain in the grandiose empire-building drama of Cyrus S. Eaton. The Chase, exhibiting under its Rockefeller-Aldrich control a new stern rectitude toward all the sour commitments entered into by A. H. Wiggin, its former and repudiated head, was deaf to all pleas. The collateral represented most of what was left of Continental Shares, in which investors—how the use of that term lingers—had confided \$112,000,000. All the rest is subject to additional loans.

To students of the Napoleonic complex among American capitalists, Eaton's career provides a perfect working illustration of an untrammelled individualist hard at play with other people's money. Last year, when he was under fire in court for mismanagement of his properties, Eaton explained that the formation of Continental Shares in 1926 was a patriotic act, designed to develop Ohio's industrial wealth and to guard it from being gobbled up by a group of New York financiers. For the first two years of his program of Ohio for Ohioans, Eaton ran Continental Shares as a fairly modest investment company, operating on capital provided by \$11,500,000 of investors' funds. But early in 1928, at the start of the last mad spurt of the Coolidge-Mellon bull market, he embarked on a wild spree of stock selling. Eaton began in February, 1928, with the sale of 30,000 shares of preferred stock for \$3,000,000. By the end of 1928 he had issued 98,000 more preferred shares for \$9,800,000, and had sold 282,000 shares of common stock or warrants which cost the public \$32,900,000, at prices ranging from \$75 a share in May to \$130 a share in December. Eaton was not satisfied. In March, 1929, he split his common stock four for one. Then, in July, with the market nearing its peak, he sold 240,000 shares of convertible preferred stock for \$24,000,000 and 354,000 shares of common stock at \$60 a share, the equivalent of \$240 a share on the old stock. Moreover, by control of the Cleveland banking house of Otis and Company, Eaton played the game both ways and shared in the underwriting fees of his stock-jobbing, which amounted to \$2,650,000 over the financing period.

In the meantime he was using the public's juicy contributions to buy large interests in steel companies, tire companies, and miscellaneous concerns, chiefly concentrated in Ohio. These purchases, he frequently proclaimed, were designed to promote "the interests of the companies concerned through cooperation in their financial and industrial activities." He also branched out and made investments in several of the enterprises of that other Greek, Samuel Insull. Late in 1929, in the interest of industrial "cooperation," he forced through a merger of various large Ohio steel concerns and formed the Republic Steel Corporation. After its organization this monument to Cyrus was able

to pay two dividends to its preferred stockholders and one to its common stockholders; then its fountain of inflated capital dried up.

But Eaton's greatest demonstration of patriotic loyalty to Ohio was yet to come. While he was forming Republic Steel he had cast envious eyes at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, the largest remaining steel concern in the State which had refused to bow to his will. When the Youngstown management proceeded to thumb their noses in his face by reaching an agreement to merge with the great Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Eaton rose single-handed in defense of the independence of Ohio industry. In that famous proxy fight, carried out at the cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars to both sides, Eaton was successful in blocking the merger and had the additional satisfaction of revealing the enormous bonuses paid to the management of Bethlehem Steel. But Eaton's victory was accompanied by severe declines in the market value of his speculative investments and proved to be the deathblow to his visions of financial empire.

The climax of his exploitation of Continental Shares came in October, 1930. At that time he arranged to have Continental buy a heavy list of stocks at a price of \$35,000,000 in cash and 1,040,000 shares of its own common stock. The identity of the seller was carefully shrouded in secrecy. Subsequent developments, however, have shown that the principal, if not the only, seller was Foreign Utilities, Inc., a private investment company dominated by Eaton. As this heavy cash transaction was carried out at a time when Eaton's Otis and Company was tottering on the brink of failure and was in dire need of fresh liquid resources, the implications of this deal have brought complaints and litigation from stockholders who watched the decay of Continental Shares as a direct outcome of this purchase.

To meet the cash requirements of this deal, Continental was forced to take out \$35,000,000 in bank loans. Late in January, 1931, however, when the market value of the common stock offered in part payment had shrunk from \$15,000,000 to \$10,000,000, the terms of the deal were revised; the cash ante was raised \$7,600,000 to \$42,600,000, and the amount of Continental common stock issued for the balance was reduced from 1,040,000 to 280,000 shares. As a result, Continental's bank loans were increased to \$45,000,000. These are the loans which carried the company to virtual, if not actual, bankruptcy. With the market value of its investments in a dizzy decline during the next two years and with the dividends from its "cooperative" stock holdings dropping off one by one, Continental's assets, as shown on its balance sheet, dwindled from \$187,000,000 in October, 1930, to \$44,500,000 by the end of 1932. The actual market value of all its investments at the latter date was \$18,200,000, or \$23,300,000 less than its bank loans of \$41,500,000. Stockholders were left with nothing but a large lake of red ink.

Eaton was forced out of the company in April, 1931, when George T. Bishop became president and the presidents of four Cleveland banks were elected directors. The new management made a pretense of reform, confined principally to hiring independent accountants to audit the books. Their chief activity, however, has been fighting the prolonged attempts of minority stockholders to gain a legal accounting for Eaton's mismanagement. A multitude of suits have been brought, attacking stock sales to Continental by Eaton's private companies, purchases of Youngstown stock during the Bethlehem fight, and company loans to Eaton and other officers. For a few minutes in April, 1932, the company was actually in receivership, with one of the protesting stockholders named as receiver, but the federal court reversed its decision the same day. The receivership petition was finally dismissed in December, 1932.

The present management wept violently at the decision of the Chase Bank to sell the collateral. For days President Bishop prayerfully watched the market go higher, and each day

announced to the press how many dollars had been added to the value of the collateral. But even if his prayers had been answered, there would have been little solace for the investors. The interests of preferred and common stockholders long ago passed into the land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to this Issue

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Books

The Cluny Museum

By JAMES NEUGASS

Consecrated are the beds which have borne the weight of two;
Hollow-eyed and soundless also are carved Christs
Which wait with dried cheeks and hard lips
The coming of the anti-Christ.

In summer the pictures on the walls are warm;
The paint simmers and oil coming out makes the colors
Thick and shiny and they appear to move.

The atom is young and timeless also,
Knowing no miracle of consecration
Which many atoms together may know.

I have touched the dead body of a bird
Before the last flicker of heat is gone,
And I have touched the nobly embroidered shoe of a hetaera.
Lying in a catafalque of glass plate bound with iron,
It is as solemn as a cobblestone.

Rooseveltian Liberalism

The Industrial Discipline. By Rexford G. Tugwell. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

THIS well-written volume is deservedly attracting wide attention, not only because of its intrinsic merits but also because of the fact that its author is one of the most trusted advisers of the present Administration and is commonly believed to be influential in the formulation of its economic program. Mr. Tugwell's central thesis is that while machine industry has compelled close and scientific organization within individual plants and companies, there has been almost complete anarchy between these concerns. The economic mechanism as a whole, therefore, works badly. There is overdevelopment of some industries and underdevelopment of others. There is enormous waste in distribution and competition. There are periodic breakdowns in which large sections face virtual starvation in the midst of potential plenty, while there is exploitation of the weak by those in strategic places who can and do take advantage of the common run of workers, investors, and consumers. What Mr. Tugwell in essence proposes is that society should abandon the attitude of *laissez faire* which the business interests have sought to foster, and which in turn has brought them close to disaster, and that it should instead launch out upon a program of so integrating these plants and industries that they may best serve society as a whole. His book is, in fact, one long appeal to Americans to display social intelligence in mastering those economic mechanisms and institutions which their mechanical ingenuity has brought into being and then allowed to run wild. This, then, is the background which Mr. Tugwell paints with vivid and yet thoughtful strokes, which stamp the author as an artist in his technique as well as an economist.

The specific method of control which is suggested in the foreground is the integration of each industry through a governing board which would make and execute plans for that industry, together with a central body, composed primarily of the associated industries, which would seek to introduce a common

policy between industries and coordinate them with each other. These two sets of groups would have, in the main, control over the quantities to be produced, the conditions of competition, the division of markets, wages and working conditions, the pooling of patents, and finally prices. Through the taxation of surpluses reinvested by corporations in their own plants, funds would be forced into the open market, and there would be some control and guidance of how they would ultimately be invested. An excise tax upon industry would furnish the means for building up reserves, rewarding the industries which complied, and subsidizing the unemployment-insurance systems of those States which had such laws.

Although Mr. Tugwell does not develop the points except inferentially it is probable that he would also favor a managed currency with price stabilization as its ultimate goal and have it seen to that the purchasing power of workers, farmers, and the lower middle class should increase at a sufficient rate so that the increased quantity of consumers' goods might be bought without an appreciable fall in prices. He also favors building up organizations of workers, and he would have the government try to protect the consumers by preventing prices from being raised by the cartels to excessive heights.

In short, Mr. Tugwell is proposing a planned and liberalized capitalism as the next step in social development; and such, indeed, seems to be the program of the Roosevelt Administration. In a final and moving passage the author declares:

Selectivity is still possible; we can experiment now, and we ought to do it before it is too late. Otherwise we are surely committed to revolution. The essential contrast between the liberal and the radical view of the tasks which lie before us is that liberalism requires this experimenting and that radicalism rejects it for immediate entry on the revolutionary tactic. Liberals would like to rebuild the station while the trains are running; radicals prefer to blow up the station and forgo service until the new structure is built. Their ultimate objectives may not be so very different. . . . But there is all the difference in the world in the ways of achieving what is hoped for.

No honest person can doubt the sincerity and public spirit with which Mr. Tugwell writes and with which the Roosevelt Administration is proceeding. One can only hope that they may be able to accomplish real reform without revolution. Given the present state of the public mind and the existing balance of power, they can probably take no other course than that which they are following.

The real ultimate difficulty with their program of legalized cartels lies, however, in the assumption that there is a sufficiently strong and independent force outside of capitalism which can control it. At the moment we have a progressive President and an able body of advisers, recruited in the main from the universities, who have no personal axes to grind. Moreover, industry in its despair is uttering words of repentance. But if prosperity should return, capitalism would once again wish to throw off any effective control, and the question would then arise whether Rooseveltian liberalism would be strong enough to check it. We have thus far been unable to regulate our public utilities in the interests of the consumers, and it will be even more difficult to regulate industry as a whole. The owners of industry will struggle for high prices and for low costs and will try to break or discredit anyone who gets in their way. Having control over nearly all of the jobs and most of the surplus income, they tend to be able to coerce most men. For a nation of employees, such as we largely are east of the Mississippi, can hardly be expected to control their employers.

Along with the Rooseveltian program must go, therefore, the organization of those who are at present weak and who

need to acquire that which the world respects, namely, power. Trade unions need to be built up and farmers' cooperatives as well. Finally, the urban and rural workers of hand and brain need a strong party of their own. Despite Roosevelt's fine beginning, they cannot permanently depend upon the Democratic Party, which in the East and in some of the Midwest States largely rests upon machines which are in league with the worst forces of the under and the upper world. Unless these things are done, we are likely to find the permanent benefits of Rooseveltian liberalism to be as illusory as were those of the Wilsonian era.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Propaganda versus Pity

Little Man, What Now? By Hans Fallada. Simon and Schuster. \$2.25.

Storm Over the Ruhr. By Hans Marchwitza. International Publishers. \$1.50.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?" is the story of a young German bookkeeper and his wife. Johannes Pinneberg, after a rather impromptu marriage, loses his job in Ducherow, but his mother, of whose way of life he strongly disapproves, helps him to find a position in a Berlin clothing store. Pinneberg and Bunny establish themselves in an illegal apartment behind a warehouse, the baby is born, and they are happy. But an efficiency expert comes to Mandel's and sets a quota for each salesman. Pinneberg worries, grows irritable, and finally loses his job. Fourteen months later we find the family in a little hut owned by a friend. They manage to survive on the dole and Bunny's odd jobs of mending, but poor Pinneberg's self-respect is almost destroyed, and when, on a trip to Berlin, he is harassed by a policeman, the world crumbles about him. "How can I ever look anybody in the face again!" he says to Bunny. She replies, "You can always look at me. Always and always. You're here with me and we're together." And so the book ends.

Fallada is clever; he knows how to make an apparently dull life interesting. We see Pinneberg with his wife, his baby, his mother, his mother's lover, his employer, his nudist friend; we share his emotions; we find him sometimes likable, often irritating, and always pitiable. One cannot help admiring Fallada for the skill with which he has selected his details. At the same time, however, one wonders a little about his omissions. Though Bunny is the daughter of a Socialist and the sister of a Communist, though one of Pinneberg's fellow-workers in Ducherow is a militant Nazi, the young clerk apparently never hears a political speech, reads an editorial, or discusses a current issue. So far as politics and economics are concerned, he lives in a vacuum.

Obviously this is a matter of deliberate intention on Herr Fallada's part. Even if one grants that there may be in Germany persons as politically unconscious as Pinneberg, the selection of such a type is significant. In a letter to the publishers Fallada says that he wrote the book because he wanted to help Pinneberg and his kind by calling attention to their fate. Apparently he believes that the Pinnebergs will be benefited if people are made to feel sorry for them. Therefore he ignores the fact that millions of Pinnebergs are organized as Communists, Socialists, and Fascists in order to help themselves in the various ways that they believe in. Therefore he turns sentimentalist at the end, and leaves Pinneberg and the reader lulled to sleep by Bunny's empty consolations.

Because he offers no solution Fallada will be praised by many persons as a great artist. They will enjoy feeling sorry for Pinneberg and his Bunny, and they will certainly enjoy feeling that there is nothing they can do about the lamentable situa-

tion. The same persons would condemn "Storm Over the Ruhr," if they bothered to read it, as downright Communist propaganda. They would also condemn it as a rather dull and literal chronicle of a confusing and fundamentally unimportant incident.

The book is propaganda and it is essentially journalistic. Though the characters are more definitely individualized than the characters in "Barricades in Berlin," a very similar book, also recently translated from the German, most of the time one is aware of them merely as figures in a campaign. The campaign itself—the revolt of the Ruhr miners against the Kapp-Lüttwitz Putsch—is complicated and difficult to follow. But if one happens to sympathize with the workers' cause, one cannot help feeling that there is something vastly heroic in the struggle of Franz Kreusatz and his comrades. Though Franz is shot, one does not pity him, as one pities Johannes Pinneberg; one admires him. And when Franz's comrades, driven back to the mines and factories after their betrayal by the Social Democrats, cry, "We shall return," one feels the power and the promise that one cannot feel on reading Bunny's touching pledge of fidelity.

"Little Man, What Now?" is a good enough book for those who can afford the luxury of pity, but "Storm Over the Ruhr" is a book for those who have a world to gain. It is not as good a book as they deserve, but it strikes one that Marchwitza can overcome his faults much more easily than Fallada can overcome his. Out of such chronicles as "Storm Over the Ruhr" may grow a rich, vigorous, many-sided literature of the working class. But how can Fallada prevent himself from going deeper and deeper into the bog of sentimentality?

GRANVILLE HICKS

Very Great and Near Great

St. Augustine. By Rebecca West. *John Ruskin.* By David Larg. *Macaulay.* By Arthur Bryant. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50 each.

THE director of an English series of short biographies, designed to include as many as possible of the greatest names of all times, would necessarily attach one of them to Rebecca West; and any one of us, perhaps, would deem himself able to find for her a subject that might seem irresistible. But it would be a modern item, and I suspect that very few critical readers of this nobly gifted writer would have thought of her in connection with St. Augustine. The collocation, nevertheless, is right. Rebecca West has been devoted since her teens to the study of this great doctor of the church. He makes of course a superb subject; and one may well doubt whether any English author of our day, man or woman, given the limits of the Appleton series, could have done a more brilliant and arresting study.

St. Augustine, born in 354 A.D., lived to be seventy-six. His "Confessions" cover fully the first thirty-three years, and the record is such that it has encouraged some to think of him as the first modern man. A few weeks ago Rebecca West broke out against certain of her English reviewers because they saw in her interpretation nothing but an exercise in psychoanalysis, with particular reference to the dominant mother. The simple fact, as she informs these ignoramuses, is that for her early chapters she has stuck to the "Confessions," for the reason that when a life story has been told as Augustine tells it, there is nothing else to do. One type of reader will be disposed to think that the saintly Monica has incidentally been debunked. And so, in effect, she has; but a more accurate way of putting this important point would be to say that for the first time in a contemporary English book we have that remarkable woman

presented in credible outline. In a noteworthy passage toward the end Rebecca West remarks upon the mighty range of this extraordinary man's influence through the ages. Augustine, she points out, took as his subject matter a certain complex of ideas which are at the root of every primitive religion: "the idea that matter, and especially matter related to sex, is evil; that man has acquired guilt through his enmeshment in matter; that he must atone for this guilt to an angry God; and that this atonement must take the form of suffering, and the renunciation of easy pleasure." And she adds: "Today, fifteen centuries after Augustine's death, after a raking attack on the supernatural and a constant search for a rational philosophy lasting several centuries, the greatest artists still restrict themselves to his subject matter."

The greatest artists? Rebecca West names in this connection D. H. Lawrence, Proust, James Joyce. She might also have named Tolstoy, with whom at intervals, and most justly, she finds a parallel to Augustine. The fact of the vast Augustinian influence, of course, is indisputable; but my comment would be that not one of her three artists is a modern man, in the sense that Goethe was, and he is cited here as a supreme exception.

In a prefatory note Rebecca West points to certain omissions from the book, especially as regards two great Augustinian matters—his doctrine of the church and the City of God. I should rather call attention to a few small omissions that are not unimportant. Thus the great man's name, Aurelius Augustinus, does not appear; and although we are told that he was a Numidian, we are not given any indication as to his color and racial characteristics. One's guess is that he was African enough to have been barred from a New York hotel, and more than enough to have put himself outside the pale in Richmond.

It is a coincidence decidedly interesting that we have in John Ruskin an outstanding modern example of the mother complex, and Mr. Larg makes the fullest use of it in retelling the tragic story of a life that has in recent years been subjected to the fiercest scrutiny. I judge, however, that Mr. Larg has not taken account of the latest disclosures concerning Ruskin's devotion to Rose La Touche. They contain a more satisfying explanation of that painful affair than the one he offers. This volume is a psychological inquiry rather than an estimate of Ruskin's books or of his immense influence in mid-Victorian England.

Mr. Bryant furnishes an example of a neo-Tory teacher of history dealing admirably with the most eminent of Whig historians. The full record of the man is in Trevelyan's life, and upon the treasures of that fascinating mine the latest biographer cannot do other than draw. Macaulay, I think, was a happier man, and a more satisfied one, than Mr. Bryant implies.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

The Dispassionate Shepherds

As the Earth Turns. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE heroes of Mrs. Carroll's story are not the people of the Maine farming community she describes but the four seasons, and they march triumphantly across her pages with a firm and refreshing tread. Winter cold, spring growing, summer heat, and autumn fruit—around these her men and women revolve and have their being. And since these four heroes, magnificent and familiar in their own right, are made to seem convincing, the Maine farmers seem convincing, because the world they live in is so real.

Mark Shaw is the inarticulate patriarch whose family forms the center of the novel. His second wife is querulous,

weak, and incompetent; his children range from Oliver the misfit, for whom farm life has no meaning but who will triumph, one feels sure, in the practice of law, to nineteen-year-old Jen, the tireless, the sure, the unassailable. Jen is the moving genius of the household; she is out of bed at dawn, and until well on to midnight she fries, bakes, washes, irons, mends, does a cellarful of canning and preserving, tends the children, cleans house for the family always and when necessary for her relatives, waits on everybody while they are eating her cooking, gets through a mountain of dishes three times a day, acts as nurse, doctor, and midwife, never asks an unnecessary question—and never once loses her temper or seems ruffled by the tasks that await her.

It is not, of course, relevant to say that life is not like that. Life is anything a novelist chooses to make it, if he can persuade his readers to believe him. "As the Earth Turns," judging by its place on the best-seller lists, has many readers, and it has been accorded extravagant praise as beautiful, poetic, sure, and above all real. In other words, many readers believe that this is life, and they like it. What this means, one may guess, is that most of us live in a preponderantly urban manner, that our urban life has led us into straits, and that escape into the pastoral, the pure, and even the laborious seems by contrast alluring. When one's credit is good and misery and want are not thrust too rudely under one's nostrils, the city seems like a pretty good place to live in. But when living becomes precarious, when one is not quite sure where next month's rent is coming from, when credit at the corner grocery is wearing thin and the telephone company is writing insulting letters, then plowing and planting and even cooking and washing take on a glow that perhaps only distance can fully lend. When the devil is sick—but let us not laugh at this enthusiasm for the rugged virtues. The earth is a good thing to think about, for whatever reason. And Mrs. Carroll's earth has a smell and feel and warmth to it that are very satisfying.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Rediscovering Central Asia

On Ancient Central Asian Tracks. By Sir Aurel Stein, K. C. I. E. The Macmillan Company. \$10.

THE author's previous detailed and sumptuous books having passed out of print, the present volume, condensing and digesting the results of his notable expeditions, is very welcome. As regards the incidents, Sir Aurel is not enough of a writer to turn them into interesting narrative. His writing is plain and unambitious. Its modesty is its only virtue. But the results of the expeditions recorded here are of the greatest interest. The vast expanse of Central Asia is perhaps the most desolate in the world. Walled in by enormous mountain ranges that shut out the moisture of the distant oceans, it is dry and barren, its bottom lands caked with the salt of evaporated seas.

Yet across this immense waste a religion with its texts and paraphernalia was transmitted; three great cultures, Greek, Hindu, and Chinese, mingled; and trade, followed by empire, stubbornly persisted. Sir Aurel gives the history of this traffic of goods and civilization, as set down in the relics dug out of the dust and ordure of settlements buried and abandoned for centuries.

The imperial thrusts were chiefly Chinese; and they reveal to what high levels of efficient organization the Chinese reached during their epochs of military and economic power. Armies were led through deserts and over mountain ranges on marches compared to which Hannibal's and Napoleon's crossings of the Alps were mere excursions. Empire was maintained in this stony land to protect the caravan routes. Sir Aurel traced

elaborate walls with signal towers and fortresses, in the ruins of which were discovered records on ingenious strips of wood giving detailed administrative accounts.

Equally interesting are the relics showing the enduring influence of Greek art throughout Asia. Buddha himself, his saints, and the population of the Buddhist heaven have sensuous, full-lipped, round-cheeked Greek faces.

The most interesting and the most important of the discoveries is that of the walled library and storeroom at the Cave of the Thousand Buddhas. Here, at a neglected shrine, the richest single store of Chinese and Buddhist art and canonical literature was found within a wall hastily erected during an invasion and then forgotten for almost a millennium. Sir Aurel has apparently never been troubled in his conscience over wheeling the greater part of this incalculable treasure away from the simple-minded monk in whose keeping accident had placed it. Imperialist ethics are as primitive in archaeology as in politics. The collection, thus virtually stolen, went to British and Indian museums. But to be fair to him Sir Aurel had a valid excuse. Had the material been surrendered to the Chinese authorities most of it would have been destroyed by careless packing and lost by theft in transit.

Except for this attitude, shared by archaeologists of all nations, Sir Aurel's mind as revealed in his book is of a very high type. Discoveries of the greatest importance are reported in an unassuming way; and no attempt is made to exploit his career. There is a calm, objective quality in the author's treatment of his material which makes Sven Hedin's volumes sound shrill and forced and tourist-minded.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Science and the Crisis

The Universe of Science. By H. L. Levy. The Century Company. \$2.

Science and the Changing World. Edited by Mary Adams. The Century Company. \$2.

IF there is any one word which is a clue to the changing pattern of twentieth-century culture, it is the word crisis. Whatever field we turn to, there is no escaping it. Critics write of the crisis in art and the crisis in money, the crisis in mathematics (*Grundlagenstreit*) and the crisis in morals, the crisis in architecture and the crisis in religion. And it was a great scientist, Henri Poincaré, who more than twenty years ago wrote a prophetic chapter on *The Crisis in Mathematical Physics*. Wherever the word is used it expresses a conflict of principles or purposes, a breakdown of established habits of thought and action before new experiences or discoveries. This welter of crises, coming in a period of capitalist decline, suggests some interesting questions to the student of the philosophy of civilization. Is there any functional relation between the crisis in one field of culture and that in another? Are the temporal correlations, so easily established, evidence of significant connection? Is there any basic factor—an independent variable—which may be isolated as the determining causal influence?

Professor Levy's "Universe of Science" and his contribution to "Science and the Changing World" represent an important achievement, not only because they contain a brilliant exposition of scientific methodology, but because they indirectly illumine the larger problem of the relationship between the general crisis in culture and what is called the crisis in science. The "general crisis in culture" is a loose way of referring to the fact that customary patterns of behavior, and standards of evaluation, are being destroyed by the triple impact of science, technology, and economic depression; the "crisis in science," however, has developed out of the recent advances in atomic theory,

statistical mechanics, and the general theory of relativity. Is there any direct relation between these two? A great deal of nonsense has been written about the alleged connection between the breakdown of finance capitalism and the crisis in scientific theory. But wherever an attempt has been made to trace in detail this connection, all that has been established is a set of propositions which are just as true in periods of economic stability as in periods of economic crisis, such as that science is a social venture; that it is subsidized by those who stand to profit by its application to war and industry; that the direction of research has often been molded by extra-scientific purposes; that some scientists, in order to win experimental freedom, lean over backwards in their political and religious orthodoxy. The real question, whether the constitutive principles of science are affected by a change in the general cultural outlook, is ignored.

One may, however, point out a few facts which bear on this problem. First, science in the twentieth century, in practically every field from logic to biology, has made tremendous advances which in no way fall behind earlier achievements in comparable time-spans. Second, the religion, economics, and philosophy of Eddington, Jeans, and their confreres are no part of their scientific analysis: none of it enters into the derivation of a single equation or the discovery of a single fact. Third, the fundamental issues which lie at the basis of recent scientific theory and practice have grown out of problems set by the technical immanent development of the subject itself. Finally, there is not the slightest evidence to show that changes in general culture entered in any relevant way into the elaboration of quantum and relativity theory.

This settles one problem by raising another. How, if science is socially conditioned, can it boast such creative accomplishment amidst a general culture which exhibits confusion and disintegration?

This problem may be clarified if we state, after Professor Levy, the fundamental features of scientific method. "The keynote of scientific method," we are told, "is the separation of systems capable of being neutrally isolated." The important word here is "systems," for a particular event could neither exist nor be understood if it were completely isolated from everything else. Guided by a hypothesis of significant connection, the scientist proceeds to "separate out measurable isolates" and to discover how they vary in relation to each other. He then extrapolates his formula of functional relationship to new situations and makes predictions which, if confirmed, increase the probability of the truth of his hypothesis without ever finally demonstrating it. For it must always be borne in mind that theoretically it is impossible to prove that *only one* hypothesis can explain all the facts. Another hypothesis may explain all the known facts and subsequent ones as well. Where normal precautions have been taken and the predictions do not turn out, we have *prima facie* evidence that the experimental system is not truly isolated, and allowance must be made for additional factors.

Now in nature there are no absolutely isolated systems. Consequently occasions may arise when it is necessary to regard a given system as a special case of a wider system. But not everything in the world can be regarded as relevant to the given system, for if that were so there could be no scientifically manageable isolated systems. If things were infinitely complex and all aspects of their interrelations were equally relevant to all purposes, nothing could be understood. Their very togetherness would have to be sensed by a kind of dumb, mystic rapture. The existence of a scientific body of knowledge is itself evidence that natural systems can be found which are neutrally isolated from other systems. Indeed, Mr. Keynes has plausibly argued in his "Treatise on Probability" that the very validity of induction depends upon the assumption that there is a limited variety of natural kinds and functional dependences in the world.

If nature were infinitely complex, the probability of the recurrence of any causal conjunction would have to be infinitely small.

The relation between science and general culture may now be expressed in terms of Professor Levy's theory of "neutral isolates." Science as a theory of experimentation, eventuating in a body of verifiable truths, is independent of developments in other cultural and social fields: its truths are public—above individuals, classes, and nations. Science as a social and historical activity whose applications are controlled by a definite policy is only relatively independent of other aspects of culture. Society can determine whether science shall exist; it cannot determine what science shall find. Science concerns itself with physical systems which are completely neutral to social values. That is why it can still make great advances even when the practical needs which originally may have called it into existence have long since been fulfilled. The refusal to distinguish between the autonomous activity of science and the social motivation behind its applications is responsible for the lazy logical reduction which converts the truism "Without society, no science" to the absurdity "Revolutionary departures in theoretical science can be traced to changes in social production."

This distinction does not exclude the possibility that scientists, as citizens of a given society, subject to current passions and enthusiasms, may stress one principle rather than another in their research because of what they fancy the social implications of scientific principle to be. The controversies which attended the early work of both Newton and Darwin show to what extent the reception, development, and interpretation of scientific theories in a given culture may be influenced by social and religious bias. But it must never be lost sight of that the very nature of scientific method provides for the automatic rejection of any theory which cannot sustain itself by public experiment.

Professor Levy, without confusing the categories of scientific validity and social usefulness, emphasizes the social restrictions under which science labors today. Those who in the past provided the sinews of research are much more interested in the assurance of the existence of God, freedom, and immortality, which philosophically illiterate scientists draw from their ill-understood procedures, than they are in furthering technological inventions which may be socially useful but economically unprofitable. One can develop this line of criticism and demonstrate how the dependence of applied science upon the business cycle violates the very method by which the body of scientific knowledge has been built up. It was Charles Peirce who first called attention to the social and cooperative character of scientific method, not in the obvious sense that the greatest discoveries are always dependent upon the findings of the humblest of laboratory workers (they also serve who only stand and count), but in relation to the question of what constitutes scientific evidence. Valid evidence in science must be public, social, and international, subject to universal agreement upon the part of all who perform the specified technical operations. "As long as only one man has been able to see markings upon the planet Venus, it is not an established fact." The cooperative character of scientific inquiry contrasts very sharply with the private, competitive, and national traits which science reveals in the service of capitalist industry and war. Even the universities, which are in the main interested in pure rather than applied science, adopt competitive techniques to build up "prestige" departments without reference to the needs of the field of science as a whole and to the possibilities of its rational organization. If, despite all this duplication and unnecessary competition, science, in virtue of its relatively isolated character, has made such tremendous progress in a world torn by class and national strife, how much more impressive are the vistas which a collectivist and classless society opens up for it! Provided—and

this is the greatest paradox of science under capitalism—that its discoveries in the technique of destructive warfare do not make the further prosecution of science and all other liberal arts impossible.

SIDNEY HOOK

Low Looks at Russia

Low's Russian Sketchbook. Fifty-six Drawings by Low. Text by Kingsley Martin. London: Victor Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

LOW is England's best cartoonist. Those three letters are a recognized British trademark for political wit. You take this book in hand, thumb through it for the fifty-six drawings and laugh at each one of them. You laugh again when your first friend goes through them, and again with the next friend, and still again as you reach each cartoon in reading the text. With the knack of the artist, Low has put on paper problems more profound than he himself can realize. He has seen more than he knows he saw.

The text is by Kingsley Martin, editor of the London *New Statesman and Nation*. Martin is a liberal who calls himself a Socialist, or, perhaps, a Socialist who is often called a liberal. Before going to Russia he had read a lot and entertained a lot of doubts, the typical doubts of the intellectual who wants to approve of Bolshevism, and finally does—with reservations. He and the reader observe Russia through these doubts and these reservations—critically, in other words. It is as good a way as many another. The text, in fact, is a running debate in dialogue form with MacPherson who, I suspect, is not really another tourist but Kingsley Martin's alter ego, his other not-quite-so-Bolshevik self. Occasionally, I am afraid, Martin yields to the British sense of fair play and lets MacPherson carry off honors which do not belong to him; but on the whole the book gives the Russians the benefit of most of Martin's doubts.

Martin's inner struggle is common to just those people who want to see Russia and decide for themselves. It is that which makes it very human. Indeed, its whole rhythm is mellow and soft; nobody really quarrels—very British.

LOUIS FISCHER

Shorter Notices

Prelude to Departure. By Sylvia Paul Jerman. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Because she combines a realistic understanding of human character with a power to capture the most evanescent moods of consciousness—those fragmentary feelings by which every human being knows his own personality as something distinct from what it appears to be in the comment of the outside world—Mrs. Jerman has fashioned an absorbing and credible tale from a plot that might, in other hands, be too slender and exotic. Using the sensitive plant as hero, she has refrained from giving her hero the alibi of art. Charles Moynihan's failure in life is no tragedy of frustrated talent, but rather the unassuming story of a shy and frightened young man who rushes into an unfortunate marriage as a form of escape, and finally attempts, through a belated love affair, to break the shell of fear and self-consciousness that has imprisoned him all his life. In the confused hour that precedes his departure he recalls his own past and the strange, bitter life of the crippled Daisy, and his memories and emotions converge to the point of action with such overwhelming force that he takes flight from the house in a moment of panic and revulsion. The book is a *tour de force*, but an extremely clever one.

Gold Comfort Farm. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

A burlesque on the earthy, passionate, sexy, desperate farm novel which has been popular in England lately and not unknown in the United States. Miss Gibbons has no mercy on her characters, the writers whom she is imitating, or sometimes her own readers. For she lets her zest run away with her, and labors the joke until it is confusing and even dull. Many of her pages, especially in the first half of the book, are genuinely funny. If her exuberance could be trimmed and she could be taken aside and advised not to let her fun degenerate into rather soppy romance, she might write an excellent satirical novel.

Doctor Gion. By Hans Carossa. Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott. Robert O. Ballou. \$2.

A symbolist novel in which each character stands for a phase of the human soul and every incident has a fantastic unreality, Hans Carossa's story of Dr. Gion displays both the charm and the weaknesses of its genre. Its charm lies in its serious Germanic piety toward the soul, in its attitude of sentimental concern for the fate of mankind. Its weakness arises from the fact that the symbolism is often vague and hackneyed. Here is the familiar point-counter-point as particularized in post-war Germany. The sensitive Dr. Gion, symbol of the scientific attitude, in the course of his healing brings three other lives into a mystical relationship with his own—Emerence, the primitive peasant woman, who represents the blind earth-force; Cynthia, the woman of genius, too neurotic to mate or bear children, whose cry is that "everything must become difficult again"; and lastly Toni, his powers still enigmatic and unawakened, a young boy who stands for that Germany which will rise out of the present chaos. Carossa's work strongly recalls Wassermann; but unlike Wassermann, he is deficient in pessimism. The story ends on a note of consolation which one distrusts, feeling that it arises automatically from the medicinal properties inherent in the symbols used. His is the rhetorical optimism of the poet, who finds in the fashioning of symbols both comfort and cure for the pain of reality.

Films

"Cocktail Hour"

BOTH of the pictures chosen for review this week were bad to the point of irritation and bad for pretty much the same reasons. The chief of these was that in neither case was the director himself sufficiently interested in the idea or notion around which he was supposed to build his story. It is not difficult, of course, to understand why Mr. Schertzinger was not very much inspired by the theme furnished him in the script of "Cocktail Hour" (Radio City Music Hall). It is the very much overworked theme of feminine emancipation; Miss Bebe Daniels, as the highly paid commercial artist surrounded by dozens of predatory males, is forced to say all the old things about marriage versus career in pretty much the same old way. Only a genius could ring a few changes on such a theme, and Mr. Schertzinger is not a genius, despite his lively appreciation of genius in the work of others. To enable himself and his audience to forget the fundamentally hackneyed nature of his material, Mr. Schertzinger resorts to a multiplicity of small effects, each and every one of which, unfortunately, merely serves to remind us of some other director who was more happily at home with his material. Because "Cocktail Hour" is really nothing more than a dully synthetic résumé of all the sophisticated comedy films of the last two or three years, its sole interest will be

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for the historical-minded movie-goer who is concerned with tracing out the development and influence of certain technical effects already familiar to him. A comparison of the morning-after breakfast scene with its original in "Private Lives," for example, will prove mildly instructive. There is a complicated problem in "influences" to be derived from Mr. Schertzing's imitation of Mamoulian's imitation of Lubitsch's imitation of one of René Clair's more successful effects. Perhaps the picture will justify itself if only it makes clear that it is no longer amusing to stylize departures by train or boat by showing a succession of valises being passed down a line of porters. And it may also serve to illustrate once again that of all types of screen play the so-called "smart-sophisticated" is most in need of a deliber-

ate speeding-up of tempo to sustain an adequate illusion. The lumbering pace with which the unconvincing situation in "Cocktail Hour" is unfolded is probably its worst defect because it allows us so much time in which to perceive its many other defects.

It would be altogether flattering to ascribe an idea to the expensive splurge in which Paramount has indulged in "International House." All that it may justly be said to possess is a setting, and this can hardly be seen for the accumulation of radio, vaudeville, and musical-comedy talent which has been gathered together in the hope of making the picture a popular successor to "42nd Street." The setting is a great European hotel in Shanghai, although there is very little in the action of the story that could not have taken place equally well in Montreal or Bridgeport. Peggy Joyce, Rudy Vallée, Baby Marie, Stuart Erwin, and W. C. Fields are among the well-known entertainers and public characters who contribute to the general disorder of the picture. Of these W. C. Fields alone appears with enough regularity throughout to afford any continuous amusement; and it must be reported that Mr. Fields is not nearly so amusing as he once seemed to be on the stage. The patter with which he is supplied is thin and a little decayed, and he depends rather too much on mechanical aids, like baby Austins and autogiro planes, to lift his comedy very far above the old Keystone level. Certain bits in the delicatessen fare which "International House" offers—Baby Marie's rendition of a very much grown-up "torch song," for example—are positively distressing, and the effect of the whole is to make one wonder whether Hollywood is not sinking beneath its own worst level in turning out such a picture as this.

WILLIAM TROY

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